

The Bismarck Tribune.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 18

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

That Stole a March on the Western Union Wires Between the Periods of Inefficiency.

Appropriate Garfield and Arthur Resolutions Passed by the National Republican Committee.

Conkling's Defeat as Shown by an Analysis of the New State Committee.

An Account of the Recent Skirmish with Indians in Arizona—Southern Frost.

Growth of the Mrs. Garfield Fund—No More Hazing at Annapolis—Other News.

Indians in Ambush.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 6.—A dispatch from Wilcox, Arizona Territory says: "The following has been obtained from Ole Bernard's command, who came in this morning escorting the wounded. He says from the time the command left Dragoon Station the troops went on a gallop until the Indians were discovered in the foot hills. They drove them toward the plains when the Indians commenced throwing away their property. On their trail was found provisions, blankets, moccasins and money in buckskin bags, but no dead Indians were found. Two cavalymen were found and are now here. One is shot through the leg and the other through the breast. Reports received this morning from Dragoon summit says that a wounded Indian scout came there to the section house saying that the troops and Indians were fighting again last night back of the first range of mountains, supposed to be the Chachisus stronghold."

The Yorktown Parade.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 6.—The grand military parade at Yorktown and the review by the president of the United States will be held on the 20th of October and it is especially desired that all troops arrange to be on the ground to participate. Governors of states will exercise their own judgment in the matter of parading with their troops on that occasion. Seats will be reserved for them on the reviewing stand, to which they can repair after the passage of their line.

False Pretenses.

BUFFALO, Oct. 6.—John H. Blanchard, formerly a well known cattle dealer of this city, was committed today for false pretenses in having about two years ago purchased two cars of cattle, ostensibly for Utica parties, and shipping the same to Albany, where he disposed of them, receiving the money and claiming that he was robbed on the train in returning home.

An Ohio Blaze.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 6.—The grocery, dry goods store and dwelling of Truman, Peale & Hale, of New Vintua, Clinton county, Ohio, burned this morning. Loss, \$40,000; insured for \$20,000.

Senator Pendleton will start for Washington to-morrow, to attend the extra session of the senate.

The Students Defeated.

ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 6.—The Third class cadet midshipmen, sent on the "Sante" for refusing to make a disclosure regarding the hazing of Sunday night, today signed the pledge not to again haze, and have been returned to the academy.

A Reasonable Request.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Oct. 6.—The striking rice field hands will present an address to the planters asking an advance in wages, owing to the great increase in the price of provisions and other necessities.

The Star Routers.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—When the criminal court met yesterday the presiding judge stated that he had examined the information filed in the star route cases and had fixed bail at \$2,500 in the case of Brady and Brown, and at \$4,000 in the cases of Turner and French. A short but important discussion ensued between Cook, Assistant district attorney, Totten, counsel for defense, in the course of which the latter stated that he might have other motions to submit beside that to squash the information, but that he would for-

mally file that motion to-morrow. It was agreed that before any motion be argued two days' notice should be given to the opposite counsel. Bondsman then qualified as follows: John F. Holmstead, N. V. Fitzgerald, A. L. Roche, and Lewis Celephane, for Brady; J. W. Humphrey and J. S. Johnson, for Turner; and D. H. Warner and W. B. Williams, for French. S. P. Brown was not present with his bondsmen, but will give bail during the day.

Republican Resolutions.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—At an informal meeting of the members of the national republican committee, to-day, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the republican national committee in the death of President Garfield, realizes the loss of a chosen and trusted leader, whose intellectual qualities, correct principles, progressive impulses and inspirations for good government made him an appropriate representative of the patriotic republican party in the highest national office.

Resolved, That we recognize in President Arthur a life long and fearless advocate of the republican principles enunciated by the convention which unanimously placed him in nomination, and he is entitled to the confidence and sympathy of all republicans and to the cordial support of all patriotic citizens.

A Challenge.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 6.—Wallace Ross, the oarsman, will challenge the winner of the sportsmen's cup of England. He goes into training immediately for the race with Haslan.

The Anti-Stalwart Majority.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—As nearly as can be ascertained from the analysis of the new republican state committee it stands—Anti-stalwarts 20, stalwarts 11, doubtful 2.

An Overdose.

TROY, N. Y., Oct. 6.—Dr. Alonzo D. Hall, nephew of Dr. Hall, of New York, whose wife was murdered by Chertine Cox, died from an overdose of chloral today.

Escaped Convicts.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Oct. 6.—Nine convicts escaped from the penitentiary here yesterday and are still at large.

Tobacco and Frost.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 6.—The tobacco crop of this section is reported badly damaged by the first frost last night.

The Mrs. Garfield Fund.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—The fund for Mrs. Garfield now amounts to \$336,566.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

—President Arthur was fifty-one years old last Wednesday.

—New York city has contributed \$82,118 to the Michigan sufferers.

—Annie Muller committed suicide, in Detroit, because her sweetheart gave his trousers to another girl to mend.

—The school census of Sioux City shows 2,185 children of school age, an increase of 11 per cent. over last year.

—The wealthy widow whom President Arthur is to make mistress of the White House is said to be Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts.

—In Webster county, Iowa, a herder named Johnson, who recently had to go to the poor house because he was sick and could not work, has just been awarded back pension amounting to \$3,300, and will get \$18 a month hereafter.

—No line in England carries the same number of passengers, or carries them so cheaply and pays so large a dividend as the underground railway of London. The passengers last year numbered 110,000,000. Several of the underground and overground railways carry workmen twelve miles a day for two cents, thus enabling them to enjoy cheap houses and country air.

—Minneapolis is to transform the McAllister College or Windslow Hotel into a hospital and medical college. It is so situated as to be positively first-class for drainage and air; contains 300 rooms, and has recently been thoroughly inspected by a well known architect, who pronounced it safe in every particular and worth \$65,000 (the original cost of the building was \$112,000), while the site is worth \$15,000 to \$20,000. It is contemplated to place improvements in the building to an amount rising the total value of building and site to more than \$100,000, the amount of the capital stock.

BEYOND THE MISSOURI.

What Curtiss, of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, Has to Say.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean, Oct. 3.]

LITTLE MISSOURI, D. T., Aug. 22.—Seven years ago this month I rode with General Custer and the Seventh cavalry across Dakota from the Great Missouri to the Missouri River, Jr., on the way to the Black Hills. The route was over a pathless prairie, and our march was guided by the knowledge of Indian scouts, and the finger of the compass. Yesterday I went over the same country in a parlor car, and saw a line of thriving little villages, some of them located, it is said, on the very spots where we made our camps. We noted then the beauty and fertility of the country, and wondered how many years would pass before the aggressive settler made this paradise his home.

Here we are now, active and numerous, and before another seven years passes away there will be thousands of inhabitants where there were none.

THE SURRENDER OF SITTING BULL

and the extension of the Northern Pacific railroad have opened up this country for settlement, and it is now not only safe, but easy of access.

A bridge that will cost \$1,000,000 and will be finished in two years will span the treacherous Missouri from Bismarck to Mandan, a bustling little town that was started last fall, and now contains 1,500 inhabitants. It is one of the brightest most thriving towns in the west, and in a few years Bismarck must look for a rival of formidable proportions. The speculative fever is raging, as is the case all along the line, and town lots are being bought by men who a few years hence will sell them for a hundred times their present value.

The division of the road was opened for traffic less than two months ago, and the surrender of the hostile Sioux makes it as safe for settlers as the central counties of Illinois.

THE PRICE OF LANDS

in this section is about half what it is east of the Missouri, and the soil is just as good. The terms of sale offered by the railroad for the lands east of Bismarck is \$4 an acre, and the preferred stock of the company is taken in exchange at par. West of the Missouri the price is only \$2.60 an acre, and the terms of sale are the same, and of the most liberal character. Only one-sixth cash is required, the balance being divided into six annual payments, with 7 per cent interest. A rebate of 25 per cent of the price is offered on all lands broken within two years from the time of purchase. Every alternate section is government land, and can be secured under the homestead, pre-emption and timber culture acts.

I have been doing a problem in arithmetic to see what a man with \$2,500 can do. There are hundreds of farmers in the central states, working hard upon small farms of twenty-five, or fifty, or 100 acres, and raising just enough produce, with economical management, and the old woman's help, to make both ends meet, and send the boys to school. Suppose one of these men,

AN OHIO MAN FOR INSTANCE,

has a fifty acre farm. Let him sell it for \$50 an acre, and come to Pleasant Valley, thirty miles east of this place, with \$2,500 cash. He can buy 2,000 acres of land, at \$2.60 an acre, paying one-sixth cash, and by breaking half of it the first year and the other half the next, he can reduce the price of his farm one-quarter, from \$5,200 to \$3,900. He will have to pay \$650 down and the expenses of removal, including his teams, cows, farming implements, and household effects, will cost him \$350. He can build a comfortable house for \$750, and have an equal sum left to carry him through the year, and buy his seed.

This fall he will plow 1,000 acres, and next spring plant it to wheat. His crop will be about twenty bushels to the acre, and will cost him, in the shape of extra help in plowing, seeding and harvesting about \$6 an acre. His wheat can be sold at Bismarck for not less than \$1.25 a bushel, so that at the end of the first year he will have a net profit of \$19,000. The next year, if he plows the other 1,000 acres, the profit will be doubled.

A DELIGHTFUL PROBLEM.

This is a delightful problem for the hard working farmer to contemplate, and is the more agreeable because in nine instances out of ten it is true.

Somebody will ask if I know any one with this experience. Not here, but east of the Missouri there are hundreds who

are enjoying the fruits of such experience today; and the conditions are the same that existed 300 miles eastward, when Mr. Dalrymple opened his great farm six years ago. There are just as many houses along this line—more, I think, than there were between Fargo and Bismarck when Dalrymple located his farm, and as I rode along these prairies yesterday, I wondered who would be the Dalrymple of western Dakota.

Mr. Dickinson, of Malone, N. T., a relative of Vice President Wheeler, has located at Pleasant Valley, and broken the soil for spring crop. Perhaps six years hence I will be describing the great Dickinson farm with its \$390,000 profits in crop, as I did that of Mr. Dalrymple the other day.

THE COAL FIELDS

that have been discovered here offer not only a great inducement for the investment of capital, but a great convenience to settlers.

It was a matter of thought to thinking men why the Almighty, in providing this soil, all ready for the plow and the seed as dovetail to the touch of the husbandman as the rich prairies of Illinois, did not supply fuel to warm those who some day should come here to cultivate it. The investigations of the geologists proved that He did. They proved that an all wise Providence, in depriving this country of timber, had stored exhaustless supplies of fuel under the ground, and coal here today is more than one half as cheap as it is in Chicago.

Several mines have been opened, and tons of lignite, that look like the old-fashioned cannel coal, are being shipped away daily to points along the road. Here, under the very heels of the farmers who produce the wheat, is found the fuel that will furnish the power to move the engines that will grind that wheat into flour. The coal deposits extend nearly 200 miles, and the cost of mining is not more than in Pennsylvania. At the mines the fuel can be purchased for \$2.50 a ton, and the conductor tells me that the cost of transportation is 15 cents per car, per mile. The price at Bismarck, delivered by the railroad company, is \$3.25 a ton; at Jamestown \$4.45, and at Little Missouri only \$2.50.

SOCIETY AND RELIGION.

Speaking of fuel reminds me that this country is not as wicked as some people suppose. There are bad men here, and the degree of cultivation, moral and intellectual, is not as high as it may be in Springfield, Mass., but churches and school houses are considered as essential as in New England, and are just as numerous in proportion to the population.

On the cars the other day I met the Rev. C. B. Stevens, formerly of Summit county, Ohio, whose son was a college mate of mine. He is one of the pioneer Presbyterian clergymen of this section, and he gave me some points of interest regarding the religious growth of the country, which keeps pace with its development in other respects.

The first church west of the Red river was established in 1873 at Bismarck, by the Rev. I. O. Sloan, a Presbyterian Home Missionary. Now there are eighteen Presbyterian and seventeen Methodist churches along the line, and several more of the other denominations. There is no town without a church organization, and none without a school house.

Saloons and gambling dens are plenty of course, but are not found except at terminal points, where the migratory population herds. The settled communities are as intelligent and orderly as any in the civilized world.

His Virtues.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

The succession of General Arthur to the presidency has had the happy effect of giving to the world a full knowledge of his virtues. We know now for certain that he was a good son, a genial neighbor, a kind husband and a schoolmaster so amiable and captivating that his pupils grew to despise holidays, and would rather sit all day on a hard bench under his tuition than play leapfrog or rob apple orchards.

An Extraordinary Month.

[Pioneer Press.]

The signal service record of last month shows the most extraordinary rainfall known in September, being ten inches for the month. This is more than four times the average of the September rainfall for the previous six years—and more than three times the average for the last thirty years.

WILL HE RESIGN?

Further Allegations Concerning General Manager Haupt.

The Chicago Tribune, referring to the rumors first published by it that General Manager Haupt, of the North Pacific, was to resign and that S. R. Calloway, of the Grand Trunk, was to take his place publishes Mr. Calloway's card denying his ignorance of the change, and says: "It must be said in justice to Mr. Calloway that he had nothing to do with the publication of the item in question, and he may not have had an offer of the position, yet the information came to the Tribune from a reliable source. It is positively claimed by parties who are supposed to be well posted that efforts have been made to induce General Manager Haupt to resign his position, and that the name of Mr. Calloway has been canvassed by the present owners of the road as a suitable person for the place. It is even asserted that a bonus of \$30,000 has been offered to General Manager Haupt, if he would consent to resign. General Haupt has a five years contract with the North Pacific and he cannot be retired unless he voluntarily does so. The reason why the present owners of the North Pacific desire Mr. Haupt to retire from the management of the road is not because he has proved in any way inefficient, on the contrary, it is generally admitted that he has made an able and efficient general manager. But he was appointed by Mr. Billings, the former president of the road, and the Villard people, who are now in control, desire to have the road managed by a man of their own appointment. It is their desire to have Vice President T. E. Oakes assume general control of the business affairs of the property, and then appoint a general manager or general superintendent to take charge of the operating departments. Mr. Calloway has the reputation of being an excellent operating man, and it is, therefore, not strange that the North Pacific people should desire to secure his services for that position. While it is probable that Mr. Haupt will insist upon keeping his place, during the continuance of his contract, yet it seems more likely that he will not stick to a position in which he is not required, and in view of the liberal inducement which it is claimed has been offered him it is fair to presume that he will soon step down and out."

Why She Was Indignant.

Mrs. Homespun threw down the paper and pulled off her spectacles with a vicious jerk. "It's perfectly scandalous," she exclaimed. "For my part, I don't see how any respectable woman could ever wear such a thing as that. When I was a gal we used to wear low necks and short sleeves, but mercy—" And here she cast a withering glance at the paper in her lap before flinging it on the floor.

"Why, what is the matter aunt?" asked Cicely, picking up the paper.

"Matter! matter enough, I should say," cried the excited old lady; "just look at that fashion plate there, if you are not ashamed to look at it. It is perfectly scandalous, I say."

"Why, aunt," said Cicely, her eyes beaming with fun, "that is only a liver-pad picture."

"I don't care what kind of new-fangled name they give it," persisted her aunt; "it's scandalous and disgraceful, and no woman that's got a spark of modesty about her would ever be seen in one of them."

The Mississippi's Fickle Current.

[New York Herald.]

The reports which the southern papers publish of the serious changes in the channels of the Red river and Mississippi revive an old question, whether New Orleans is to be abandoned by the Father of Waters. It appears from Major Benjaud's recent examination that the Red river, which hitherto has emptied its main volume into the Mississippi about one hundred and twenty miles above New Orleans, is now discharging its waters to the gulf through the bed of the Atchafalaya. The bar at the mouth of the Red river is reported as giving way, too, to such an extent that the Mississippi is cutting for itself a way to the gulf by the Atchafalaya, which may in time become its outlet, leaving New Orleans stranded on a shallow stream.

—President Garfield was the first Knight Templar who filled the office of chief magistrate of the United States. Some of the other presidents were Masons, but none had advanced to the dignity of Templar.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Punishing the Postal Thieves.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—Ex-Senator Dorsey will be the next of the members of the star route ring to be arraigned in court for trial after Brady's case is disposed of. Special Attorneys Cook, Gibson and Bliss have the papers in Dorsey's case prepared, and proceedings will be instituted as quickly as possible. The proceedings in Dorsey's case will be different from those adopted to reach Brady. District Attorney Corkhill has informed the government counsel that the grand jury will be at their disposal in about three weeks. The Guilean case and the ordinary jail cases will be out of the way and an indictment against Dorsey will be requested in the usual form. The prosecutors believe that they have ample evidence upon which not only to secure indictments but convictions. Other persons will necessarily be associated with Dorsey in the action for conspiracy, Brady among them; but in each of the cases the counsel for the government will make the issue as narrow as possible and avoid all lateral questions. There has been considerable comment upon the procedure adopted in Brady's case. It has not been the practice in the district courts to proceed against suspected persons by information, and the cumbersome grand jury system has generally been in vogue here.

WARRANTS WERE ISSUED
to-day against Brady, Turner, French, Brown and McDonough. Brown is out of the city, but will return on Monday, when it is thought all of the accused will come into court except McDonough, who is in Dakota. They will be admitted to bail, doubtless, in a very reasonable sum. It is not improbable that Brady's property will be attached.

The Coming Cabinet.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—One who ought to know as much as any one, excepting the president himself, about the prospective cabinet changes, stated to-day that there would be a clean sweep and disposition of the present incumbents, as follows: Blair will be offered a first class foreign mission, which it is believed he will not accept. Secretary Hunt will be tendered a territorial judgeship, which, perhaps, he will not refuse, as otherwise he will be left without a position. Secretary Kirkwood will be appointed governor of Arizona Territory in place of Pathfinder Fremont. The administration will use its best endeavors to secure Windom's return to the senate, that being the position most desired by him. Postmaster General James will either accept the presidency of a moneyed corporation in New York already tendered him, or if he prefers will be made assistant treasurer at New York. Mr. MacVough is anxious to return to his law practice. The most troublesome problem is to dispose of Secretary Lincoln. To invite him to retain his portfolio would be to create an invidious distinction not at all complimentary to his retiring co-laborers. Upon consultation with Gen. Logan, it is reported that it has been determined to tender the attorney generalship to Senator David Davis of Illinois, whose senatorial term expires in 1883. The resignation of Davis will create a vacancy, and in the event of his acceptance of the attorney generalship it is proposed to elect Secretary Lincoln to the senate in Davis' place. It is not known whether Senator Davis will accept the office, but in view of the fact of the improbability of his re-election, it is thought he will regard the proposition favorably. Another point which President Arthur hopes to gain by this exchange is to secure a Republican ascendancy in the senate by substituting Lincoln for Davis.

Grant to Succeed Blaine.
NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—Late in the day Senator Jones, accompanied by Gen. Grant, called on the president and were engaged in conversation with him for over an hour. It was stated by a friend of all parties at a late hour to-night that the appointment of the secretaryship of state had been offered to Gen. Grant at the interview and that he himself suggested that his reply should be awaited until after the senate met. Senator Jones was questioned about accepting the position of secretary of the treasury, and said he had declined it, saying he would not undertake the hard labor required in the position and that his resignation from the senate would make a Democratic majority. It was inferred from subsequent conversation that Windom would be retained. Both Jones and Grant favored him. All idea of Hamilton Fish for the State department was given up, because of his age, the president said he was somewhat at a loss as to Blaine's successor. He will choose a New York man, some one in thorough accord with his own views, and if possible, in close relation with himself. Mr. Brady, chief of star routes, called last evening to see the president, but was only enabled to leave his card. Attorney General MacVough said he was not at liberty to say whether he had resigned or not.

Capital Notes.
CINCINNATI, Oct. 2.—The Commercial to-day over editorial initials puts the result of Mr. Halsted's interview with President Arthur in New York yesterday. He says President Arthur authorized him to say that he feels great interest in Gov. Foster's election as governor of Ohio, and goes on to say:

It is not true that President Arthur is in New York to exert influence upon the contests going on in this State. He is not in the least occupied in them. He is not very well, having a severe cold, which while he was in Washington was near resulting in an attack of pneumonia. He is getting over it and will return to Washington on Monday. He came here on private business, for he had refused up to the hour of President Garfield's death to take any step that recognized that contingency. There will be no news about the cabinet before the extra session of the senate, and perhaps not before the regular session of congress.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 2.—Wm. B. Dodge, of Minnesota, and Wm. Le Duc, son of the late ex-commissioner of agriculture, have been appointed to first-class clerkships in the treasury department.

Mr. Jacob Stark, of Minnesota, has been promoted to a third-class clerkship in the land office.

The Grand Splice.
Helena Herald: The converging points of the Northern Pacific railroad to which trains will run this fall will be Miles City on the east and Pen d'Orielle lake on the west. Equidistant between these points, as the field maps in Col. Dodge's office show, is Antelope Springs, midway between Bedford and Beaver Creek, twenty-five miles east of Helena. Covering this ground is a body of graders who in the past few weeks have completed a stretch of several miles roadbed, under the contract of forty miles awarded to Washington Dunn, reaching west to the capital. It is calculated that the large force of labor which will be available from the Oregon branches next season, as rapid progress will be made from the west as from the east, and that a year later—the date set for the completion of the continental span—the connecting rails will be laid and the silver spikes driven home very near if not actually within the municipal precincts of Montana's metropolis.

FROM OVER THE OCEAN.

Tunisian Barbarity.

PARIS, Oct. 4.—General Farris, minister of war, has received telegrams confirming the report of the burning of a railway station at Wadzergha and the massacre of a number of employees, including several British subjects, by the insurgents in Tunis. The attack on the station was made by the Arabs who recently attacked Ali Bey. The station master, an ex-lieutenant in the French army and a chevalier of the legion of honor, was burned alive, and ten employees, mostly Italians, massacred. Rouillon, French minister at Tunis, invited the English and Italian consuls to assist at an official inquiry into the disaster. The English and Italian consular clerks, doctors, etc., have accordingly gone to Wadzergha for that purpose. Six hundred French troops went there on the 20th ult, but the Arabs disappeared long before their arrival. The massacre was undoubtedly caused by a wholesale destruction of villages and vineyards, which Gen. Sabatier considered necessary around Zaghanar. The Tunisian authorities are evidently trying to screen the Arabs accused of murdering the Maltese and Italians. No arrests have yet been made. The Tebesso column of French troops have already entered the region and captured Gafsa after the severe battle with the Djerdid Arabs. Ali Bey has sent a messenger stating that he is not able to hold at any longer, and demanding a French escort to effect his retreat. It is rumored that his position is critical, a mutiny having broken out in his camp.

AN ANTI-CHRISTIAN OUTBREAK.
LONDON, Oct. 4.—A correspondent at Tunis says: I am convinced after a diligent inquiry that unless the French occupy Tunis immediately an anti-Christian outbreak may occur at any moment. Roustan alone opposes its occupation, because his holding up that threat affords him means of influencing the bey. Dispatches from Oran, Algeria, announce that the emperor of Morocco is forming two columns of troops to operate against the rebels on the Algerian frontier, thus obviating the necessity of the French entering Morocco.

Terrible Earthquake.
A dispatch from Rome says the destruction caused by the earthquake in Abruzzo far exceeds anything indicated by the first reports. The archbishop of Chieti appeals piteously for help. He says the disaster is only comparable to that of Casamaciola. Over 1,000 houses are uninhabitable and the remainder more or less assured. Four-fifths of the population are shelterless.

Abruzzo is a former division of the kingdom of Naples, on the Adriatic, forming the present provinces of Abruzzo, Citra and Ulterior. Area about 3,000 square miles. The surface is mostly mountainous, and rugged or covered with forests. Monte Corvo, 9,515 feet high, the loftiest of the Apennines, is in Abruzzo Ulterior. Along the coast are some well-watered lands. Cattle-rearing employs most of the rural population. It has no good ports, or any manufactures of consequence.

A Statue of Gladstone for Washington.
LONDON, Oct. 4.—Advertisement appears in the Daily News proposing that a duplicate of the Jones' statue of Gladstone, now ready for casting, be made and presented to the United States, to be erected in Washington, to commemorate the kindly sympathy expressed from highest to lowest with the United States in the national sorrow. It further proposes that the figure shall represent England and Wales, the pedestal be of Scotch granite and the base granite. The cost of the duplicate would be £3,000. The advertisement is signed by a bronze founder.

An English Land Bill.
LONDON, Oct. 3.—The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon sketches the draft of a land bill for England, which has been finally considered by a special committee of the farmers' alliance. The bill aims at establishing complete security for the capital of farmers and immunity from capricious evictions; the right of a tenant to sell his improvements on open market with a provision that the landlord must accept as a tenant for seven years at the same rent as that of the outgoing tenant, the person who purchases, and the creation of a land court in every district for the settlement of questions concerning rents and all other disputes. The Gazette thinks the bill suggestive, and says if the draft is supported by a majority of farmers throughout the country, and is vigorously used as means of attaining for reform the day when Parliament must vote unfavourably for the English land bill is not very far off.

Public Debt Statement.
RECAPITULATION.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 1.—Following is a recapitulation of the public debt statement issued to-day:	
Six per cent. bonds continuing at 3 1/2	\$178,053,750
Five per cent. bonds continuing at 3 1/2	400,869,350
Five per cent. bonds, 1880-83	10,678,350
Four and a half per cent. bonds, 1880-83	250,000,000
Four per cent. bonds, 1880-83	738,771,850
Refunding certificates	636,550
Navy pension fund	14,000,000
Total coin bonds	\$1,393,102,750
Matured debt	\$10,300,395
Legal tenders	346,741,056
Certificates of deposit	835,000
Gold and silver certificates	69,398,830
Fractional currency	7,698,596
Total without interest	431,543,392
Total debt	\$2,304,695,237
Cash in treasury	250,686,547
Debt less cash in treasury	\$1,976,855,925
Decrease during September	\$17,483,641
Decrease since June 30, 1881	\$1,742,886
Current liabilities—	
Interest due and unpaid	\$2,143,883
Debt on which interest has ceased	1,039,575
Interest thereon	164,590
Gold and silver certificates	69,398,830
U. S. notes held for redemption of certificates of deposit	\$315,000
Cash balance available Aug. 1, 1881	160,024,648
Total	\$250,686,547
Available assets—	
Cash in treasury	\$250,686,547
Bonds issued to Pacific Railroad companies, interest payable in lawful money—principal outstanding	\$64,623,572
Interest accrued and not paid	969,352
Interest paid by United States	41,467,270
Interest repaid by companies, by transportation services	1,486,125
By cash payments 5 per cent. net earnings	655,976
Balance in interest paid by United States	36,325,947

Plundered a Grave.
MADISON, Oct. 3.—A case of suspected grave robbery with meager particulars is reported from Payette, Columbia county, twenty-five miles from Madison, on the Portage road. The facts, as reported to Sheriff Weeks of this county, are, that a man in Payette, named learned, shipped to his son, who is a student in Rush college, Chicago, the body of a man but recently interred. The body was put in a barrel and shipped as freight. On its arrival in Chicago it began to smell bad, and on breaking open the barrel the remains of the interred medical subject were discovered. The station agent at Payette was notified, who lodged complaint, and the consignor was secured.

Sentence of Embellizer Stiles.
EAU CLAIRE, Oct. 3.—Louis A. Stiles, the defaulter, who pleaded guilty to the charge of embezzlement, was sentenced this afternoon to two and a half years in the penitentiary. He received his sentence with composure, and refused an interview with a reporter, and his friends were reticent in everything.

THE SWELLING STREAMS.

The Flood at an End at Eau Claire.
EAU CLAIRE, Oct. 3.—The flood excitement is about at an end here, and it is hoped the flood is also. The mill men feel more discouraged at the loss of their time by suspension of operations at this particular time than by the loss incurred to property. About 40,000,000 feet of logs have gone out of the Eau Claire river, which were stopped at Meriden, fifteen miles down the river. The reports of dams breaking at the north fork of the Eau Claire, and the Flambeau dam, in the Chippewa, are confirmed, but the loss is trifling, and reports from down the Chippewa to the mouth tell of a heavy overflow of water and much grain ruined. All along the bottoms steamboats are running on slow time, in consequence of the rapid current. The Badger State company will resume operations Thursday. The loggers will have to wait until Saturday. No logs were lost from any mills above here. The situation at Chippewa Falls is favorable, as the people were generally prepared for a heavy deluge by the lesson taught them in June, 1880. The large mill is closed and no logs have escaped. People who were forced to vacate their premises have commenced to move back. Water is falling at the rate of two feet per day, and shows fourteen feet here this evening. The lumber industries will be revived within a week, unless more rain follows. Monday telegrams sent abroad are greatly exaggerated. The excitement in other localities in regard to the condition of the flood in this river seems to be wrought up to a higher pitch than it is at home.

Destruction at Wausau.
WAUSAU, Oct. 3.—We have just passed through a remarkable flood, the highest ever known on the Wisconsin. Herckenbach's grist mill was damaged \$4,000. Clark, Johnson & Co. lost 350,000 feet of logs; Leby & Leeb about 700,000 feet. Two bridges on the Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western road were swept away. B. G. Pinner's saw mill is badly washed out and damaged. T. F. Callon lost about 3,000,000 feet of logs. At Trapp's Merrill Manufacturing company lost 4,000,000 feet, which have been washed out in the Wausau boom. The gates are now lodged in the Wausau bridges and lumber piles swept away. The total loss in Marathon county is at least \$100,000.

Stillwater.
STILLWATER, Oct. 3.—The news from the water is very favorable. It is falling both at Taylor's Falls and Marine, while it is rising very slowly at this point, standing thirteen feet nine inches above low water mark. Durant, Wheeler & Co. received a dispatch this morning from the Chippewa river, stating that the river had fallen two and a half feet since Saturday, and now stands at fifteen feet above low water mark. No logs had been lost by the high water.

Damage to Railroads.
MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 3.—Trains on all of the northwestern roads are delayed by washouts and the railroad officials report that the damage to their property on account of the floods has been great. Private dispatches to-night are to the effect that it is still raining in the northern part of the state and much damage is likely to ensue from the swollen streams.

The Wisconsin Swelling.
MERRILL, Wis., Oct. 3.—The Wisconsin river is booming higher than ever known before. A large amount of logs and lumber have gone down stream. The railroad bridge between here and Wausau, went out last night. The wind came down, and the mail will be carried by team between here and Wausau until the bridges are repaired. The mills at this place have shut down.

Highest Stage of the Year at La Crosse.
LA CROSSE, Oct. 3.—The river at 7 o'clock this morning was twelve feet three inches above the government gauge. At 2 o'clock this afternoon it was twelve feet three inches, scant, indicating that the probable rise for twenty-four hours would be little in excess of one inch. The present stage is the highest of the year by three inches. No serious damage has occurred here yet, and with the precautions taken none is apprehended. Reports received this evening indicate that the Black river is falling near its mouth, and consequently must be going down rapidly on the upper stream and tributaries. The telegraph wires to Neillsville are all down and nothing has been received to-day. The following are extracts from a private letter, written Saturday, and received to-day:

NEILLSVILLE, Oct. 3.—The Dells dam has another breach. The gates are gone. One pier on the West side, one span of the bridge and the west wing are about all gone and part of the east wing. This is the report from other men, who came up from last night. Judge Dewhurst and I intended to go down and see how it is, but we were unable to get through the worst part of the bridge. Here, at Neillsville, the bridge across the river went out yesterday. The bridge across Rock creek is gone. I heard that the dam on Hople has gone. Cowley creek is badly washed away, but the logs are all out on their way to the bottoms down the river. (Signed) GEO. H. RAY.

The Damage in Wisconsin.
CENTRALIA, Oct. 1.—The long continued heavy rains north of here have raised the Wisconsin river beyond all previous floods at Wausau and Merrill. The boom at Merrill has broken and it is rumored one saw mill was carried away, but the telegraph wires being down this cannot be verified. The railroad bridge across Pine river between Wausau and Merrill is carried away; the track in many places is under several feet of water. At Wausau 2,000,000 feet of logs have broken loose and a few houses been forced from their foundation, but the damage thus far is light and the water is reported at a standstill. The bridge at Mosinee has been carried out and at Cedar Creek 1,200 feet of the railroad is under water. Passengers and mails were transferred by boat to-day. Every precaution possible is being taken at Stevens Point to guard their boom and dams, but the worst is feared. In Grand Rapids all the merchants on Water street have removed their stocks and have taken what precaution they can to prevent their buildings from floating off. Yellow river, Hemlock, and from Nokomis tributary of the Wisconsin are over their banks and there being no escape but the main channel the flood will be very much higher here than it was in June, 1880. The high water will reach this place sometime to-day.

The Escanaba & St. Paul.
Mr. Willis Hand, secretary and general agent of the Escanaba & St. Paul railroad, is in St. Paul, seeking support for his scheme. The road is considered by the projectors the only practicable route across Wisconsin in the northern part of the State. The grades are easy, and it will run through an immense belt of timber which has been untouched. Interspersed with the pine timber is considerable hardwood land, which yet belongs to the government. It intersects the mineral districts on the Monomonee river, in the eastern part of the State. Escanaba is a good port, and will make an excellent shipping point for grain. A company is to be formed to Escanaba to build from St. Paul, Marie to that point, and it is the intention of the Escanaba & St. Paul to meet it at the State line.

The B. C. R. & N. Extension.
At a meeting held in Worthington, Minn., on Friday, Sept. 23, a proposition was adopted to give a bonus of \$15,000 and right of way to the B. C. R. & N., provided the road is built to Worthington during the year 1882, and the depot located within half a mile of the business center of the village. It is claimed this road will give the people choice of markets between St. Paul, Chicago and St. Louis.

HYMN BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The following hymn written for the occasion by Mr. John G. Whittier, was sung to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" at the banquet of the American Pomological society in Boston.

O Painter of the fruits and flowers,
We own thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
May share the work of thine.

Apart from thee we plant in vain
The root and sow the seed;
Thy early and thy later rain,
Thy sun and dew we need.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon;
The course of Earth's gray morning is
The blessing of its noon.

Why search the wide world everywhere
For Eden's unknown ground?
That garden of the primal pair
May never more be found.

But, blest by thee, our patient toil
May right that ancient wrong,
And give to every clime and soil
The beauty lost so long.

Our homestead flowers and fruited trees
May Eden's orchard shame;
We taste the tempting sweets of these
Like Eve without her blame.

And, North and South and East
The pride of every zone,
The fairest, rarest, and the best
May all be made our own.

Its earliest shrines the young world sought
In hill groves and in bowers;
The fairest offerings thither brought
Were thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we eull
Thy gifts each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful—
The beautiful is good.

TELLING THE TRUTH

And What Came of It—When a Lie is Justifiable—A Matchless Moral Test.

From the New York Evening Mail.

"You can't live three hours and tell the exact truth throughout that time without getting yourself into trouble!" said a gentleman to me a few days since. I didn't flush, though I felt like doing so; but soon recovered sufficiently to retort testily: "Don't judge all men by yourself. A provoking grin overspread his countenance as he said: 'I repeat it; should you follow such a course you would be a fit subject for the lunatic asylum before night,' and then he coolly explained. First he mollified my troubled spirit by saying that he regarded me as the emblem of veracity, and when I murmured 'You flatter me,' reiterated his belief. But the idea he wished to convey was that no person could openly express the dictations of their conscience without involving themselves in a scrape before long. He had never tried the experiment himself, but he would be pleased to have me do so. Oh, would he? Indeed? Well, I declined. But the iron of insinuation had entered my soul and I secretly resolved last week to attempt it for my own edification. It may interest the readers to know what were the results. The momentous day for the test dawned brightly and all went smoothly for half an hour after rising, since I had no one to talk to, but as I went down to the breakfast-table I girded myself with the invisible but effective armor of caution. I was very reticent on all subjects; so much so, in fact, that my manner excited comment. Was I well? Yes. Was anything the matter? No. Had I a reason for keeping quiet? Yes. What was it? None of their business. Could they help me? Yes by keeping still. And so self-isolated, I gulped my coffee in solemn silence. But I didn't lie throughout that meal.

Fearing the consequences of remaining at home, I started for a stroll, but after a short walk I saw approaching me the very person whom I would then wish to avoid for a few hours, Miss Lively. Woman-like she is both glib and fond of compliments. Knowing her feminine failing in this respect I am always lavish in my encomiums on her appearance, manners, speech, etc., dropping many a little white lie during a short conversation with her. Now was the test. With a mere salutation I attempted to pass, but

SHE WAS NOT IN A HURRY.
and brought me to a standstill with the command and query, 'Stop! Aren't you glad to see me?' For a moment in a rush of thought, forgetting all else but my avowed adherence to the truth, I stammered, 'I'm not glad you met me just at this time,' and then with a hasty 'Excuse me,' I hurried off leaving her to go straight to my home and question as to my sanity.

A little further on I met Bob. He noticed my flushed appearance and inquired as to its cause. 'Oh, I'm bored too much; talked to death,' I said; 'and would you believe it, Bob, my bosom friend went off in a huff.' I now began to meditate, but while I was musing the fire burned. Only about one-half the time allotted for the experiment had expired, and I had as yet confined my assertions to the strictest truth. But whether could I go to avoid coming in contact with curious and questioning mankind? I had it; I would seek the seclusion which the woodland grants. I would spend the remaining hours where surely I would meet with no interruption. No sooner had I entered the quiet forest, however, than as though the fates were against me, I met two more lady friends who were gathering moss. I immediately felt a presentiment that failure was at hand. I could not avoid conversation, but trusted to the utility of MONOSYLLABIC ANSWERS to carry me safely beyond the breakers into which I had unwillingly drifted.

To shrink or evade a question I could not conscientiously deem to be fair, and so when, after a few common-place remarks, one of the ladies asked 'Why were you not at Mrs. F.'s reception last night?' I quietly replied; 'I didn't wish to go.' Why not? and many other questions followed in consequence of fearless answers, and so in less than ten minutes I had delivered an opinion anything but complimentary to Mrs. F., her husband and many of their guests. Of course all this was carefully noted in the minds of the fair ones to whom I was talking, and of course Mrs. F. knew of it a few hours later, and did also all other parties concerned, and I may add that the variations made in my original story by their informant did not tend to pacify them. The plot began to deepen and I found myself the unfortunate victim of the wrath of a score of persons; threatened thrashings are impending, and truly there is enough 'gall in my ink' for once. I have lost friends and gained enemies; I am a martyr of the cause of truth and justice; I believe that the emulation of Washington's

veracity should not extend beyond a question of cutting cherry trees; I have been forced to the conclusion that if the way of the transgressor is hard, the path of the man who would be truthful under all circumstances is even more rugged and discouraging. I—oh, well, just try it yourself, for though I may moralize I am now far from morality, since last evening I made a social call upon the man who proposed that I should stir up such strife. He leaves no family. Notice of funeral hereafter.

She Was a Poetess.

From the Brooklyn Eagle.

"You may not want any poetry to-day, sir," said a dainty maiden of some seventeen summers, tripping into the dramatic editor's sanctum and looking into his very soul with a pair of large brown eyes. The editor was just putting the final paragraph to an editorial on 'Copyright in its Application to the Drama,' and he was not in a poetical mood, but the eyes did the business and the maiden was politely requested to take a chair.

"To put it very mildly," said the editor, "we are not very much in need of poetry, having still a few bushels on hand, but of course there are poems and poems," and he smiled encouragingly upon the fair applicant.

"Oh, sir, I am afraid mine are all rubbish, but if it won't take up too much of your time—"

"Oh, no; I shall be pleased to hear any you have with you," said the editor, now fairly captive to the brown eyes.

The editor was slightly disconcerted when the young lady took from a satchel a most formidable roll of manuscript. Unrolling the first sheet she said:

"I hardly know which is the best, but you shall judge for yourself. Here is a little trifle," and leaning forward across the editor's desk, she read what she called

A FEN DRIFT.
Sweet Bliss to kiss,
And having kissed
To then embrace
And kiss again.
Sweet Bliss to kiss.

"Are there many like that?" asked the editor, pushing his chair to a safe distance from the young lady, and hastily mapping out a plan of escape.

"Oh, yes, I have quite a number of such little conceits which I have just dashed off at odd moments. But how do you like its sentiment?" and the brown eyes turned meltingly towards the now fairly frightened editor.

"How do I like its what?" asked the confused editor.

"Its sentiment. Do you know, sir, my folks have taken a great fancy to that particular little bit. They say it possesses all the—all the—the—voluptuousness,—yes that is the word—all the voluptuousness of Swinburne."

"Do they?" asked the editor absently, as he looked longingly toward the door and glanced out the window to see how far it was to the sidewalk.

"Yes, mama especially admires it, but papa rather fancies this little triole; better," and the young lady spread out another sheet of manuscript. "Now I know you will be honest and tell me which is the best," and the large eyes looked almost tenderly into those of the now despairing editor. "I call this one

THOUGHT SHADOWS.
Over the glassy meer
Pass shadows strangely queer.
Over the mind of man
Who can, who can
Tell us the thoughts which pass?

"You will notice, sir, the last line is independent of the rest. That is what pleases papa. He says it shows the unconventional freedom of genius. I have another little oddity which a friend of mine who writes for the *Atlantic* has admired." And before the editor could remonstrate she sprung upon him what she entitled:

THE LOVER'S REQUEST.
Let's sit to-night
In bright moonlight.
To-night, to-night
Our love let's plight
By bright moonlight.

How the editor escaped was never known, but the editorial on copyright remains unfinished to this day.

Pyæmia.

From Johnson's Cyclopædia.

Pyæmia, a very fatal disease, which occurs during the progress of suppurative in some part of the body, and believed to be due to the entrance of purulent matters into the blood. As it is most frequently met with in hospitals where there are many wounded persons, some surgeons regard the exciting cause in these cases to be a miasm which arises from unhealthy wounds and poisons healthy wounds. The disease is ushered in with a chill, followed by a fever, and then by a sweating stage. The chills are often repeated, and at irregular periods, sometimes as many as three occurring in a day. Toward the termination of the case they are less frequent. Though the surface feels cold during the chill, the temperature of the body rises, and in the hot stage may reach 105 to 108 degrees Fahrenheit. There is loss of appetite, thirst, want of sleep, emaciation, sallow skin, and prostration. Acute cases run a course of from six to ten days, and in chronic cases from three to four weeks. Death results from exhaustion, due to the poisoning of the blood; secondary inflammations, as pleurisy, and the formation of abscesses in internal organs, as the lungs, liver and spleen, or in the joints and cellular tissues.

Origin of "Uncle Sam."

At the time of the war with England in 1812, an army contractor bought at Troy, N. Y., a large quantity of beef and pork for the soldiers. The casks containing the meat are branded "E. A.—U. S." The first two letters were the contractors own initials the last two stood for United States. The workmen engaged in handling the provisions did not understand the letters, however, "U. S." as an abbreviation for United States being new at that time. One of the army provision inspectors was named Samuel Wilson, called familiarly "Uncle Sam." The laborers asked the man who marked the casks what the letters stood for. Being given to jokes, he told them that "U. S." meant "Uncle Sam," the meat inspector. The joke found favor at once, and spread throughout the country. The name as sobriquet of the United States government has been popular ever since.

At Milwaukee, Frank Reinder, aged forty years, an employee of the Blair & Parsons crockery house, was instantly killed while coming from the cellar to the first floor in the freight elevator. He fell between the elevator and the wall and was crushed into an unrecognizable mass.

SOLDIER REST.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dawning.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill life may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow,
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.
—Sir Walter Scott.

TOO BASHFUL.

"Hang it all, what can a poor fellow do?"
A great, handsome, good-natured, honest-
hearted fellow was Charlie Winter, but so
very bashful, that in the presence of the
gentler sex he never could have told whether
he was standing on his feet or on his
head. Just now his failing was immensely
aggravated by the fact that he was over
head and ears in love with Clarice Wilmer,
the sweetest, prettiest most bewildering
little beauty in all the region round about
her.

O dear, I wish I knew a way to tell my
love, and not be there myself. Dances take
the girls! they bother you on purpose, I
believe, and always manage so your courage
oozes out of your fingers' ends before you
are quite ready to ask the fateful
question!

"Why don't you write?"
"Write! I shouldn't know a word to say;
and then I'd never dare to look her in the
face again."

"Oh what a spooney! Simply say you
love her, and ask her if she will make you
happy. Then face the music like a man,
and meet her next time as if nothing had
happened—unless she answers yes, and
then, of course, you will act as if some
thing had happened."

Charley groaned despairingly.
"Easy enough for you to talk," he mut-
tered, dubiously. "You who have been
married seven years—with me the case is
different. I tell you, Tom, you don't know
anything about it."

"Yes I do. Didn't I have to do my court-
ing just the way you've got to do yours?
Didn't Nell act just as Clarice does, be-
witching me at one moment, and driving
me almost to suicide the next? You're a
lunatic, you are, and I hope Clarice will
give you the mitten."

"I'm afraid she will."
"Faint heart never won fair lady," quoted
Tom Ridgely, indignantly as he rose to
take his leave. "Seriously, however,
Charley, I advise you to put your heart on
paper, and forward it to Clarice by the post.
Charley thought about it after he was
gone. The more he thought the better
pleased with it he was.

"It's terrible, but I suppose I must!" he
groaned, seating himself at his writing-desk,
and clutching wildly at paper, pens and ink.

An hour of torture. Charley began a
dozen *billet-doux* and tore them up, then
wrote a dozen more, and tore them up also.
"It's utterly useless," he moaned at last;
and then the great booby laid his head up-
on the desk and fairly sobbed.

"I'll write and ask her to go to the opera
with me to-morrow night, anyway, and
then, perhaps—" he dared to think no
further.

"My dear—no that'll never do—was ever
a mortal so perplexed as I am? I wish the
girls were all in the bottom of the ocean,
and Eve had never been created. Well I'll
begin again."

This time he was successful. His note
was short enough, and some young ladies
might take umbrage at such an invitation,
but Clarice knew his bashfulness. It read
as follows, and was not dated at all:

"Will you be kind enough to honor me
by the acceptance of my escort to the opera
to-morrow eve?"

And that was all beside the signature.
"Well, there," said Charley, as he got it
done, "I promised to write to sister Minnie
this week, so I will do it now while my
hand is in."

And, tossing the note one side, he soon
began his letter:

"SISTER MINE (it read): Yours of the 17th
came to land, and I have ment to answer it
before. The fact is, I am deep in love
with a young lady—Clarice Wilmer, of
whom you have heard me speak, and I'm
afraid she don't return it. You know that
I am so confoundedly bashful I daren't speak
a word to her about it, and neither can I
write. Sometimes I think I've got the
necessary courage, but when I meet her it
vanishes like dew before the sun, and I'm
a bigger fool than ever. I know she thinks
I'm a fool, but I can't help it—I'd rather
face a battery of mitrailleuses, or any other
engine of destruction than a pretty woman,
any time, and Clarice is the fairest, sweet-
est and most beautiful young lady I ever
saw."

Here followed three whole pages of lov-
ers' rhapsody, interspersed with wallings of
despair, and then the letter wound up
thus:

"I've asked her to the opera to-morrow
night, and if she goes, 'tis possible that I
may learn my fate."

"Three o'clock—can it be possible? cried
Charley, glancing at the clock, and stuffing
his letters into two envelopes, which he
backed in awful haste. "The mail goes out
in half an hour—I shall be late as sure as
fate."

And paying no heed to the rhyme, and
little to the letters, he grasped his hat and
started for the post-office.

Clarice smiled her brightest when Char-
ley called for her next night, but he fancied
there was mischief in her eyes, which per-
haps was not quite all a fancy. At the op-
era she talked and laughed between the
scenes in such a way that he was quite be-
wildered. He did not learn his fate, and
after he got home he felt worse than ever.

Next day he got a letter from his sister.

"I am very sorry," wrote she, "but I could
not well come on two hundred miles, sim-
ply to attend an opera. I suppose, how-
ever, the invitation was intended for an-
other person, and if—"

"O Jove, I am undone!" said Charley,
dropping the missive to the floor and break-
ing out in a cold perspiration. "I sent the
letters wrong, and now I've done it brown.
What will Clarice think of me?"
Driven to desperation at last, he plucked

up courage and hurried to Clarice's resi-
dence.

"Is Miss Wilmer in?" he asked the ser-
vant who answered the bell.

"Yes," and he speedily found himself in
the parlor, and face to face with his inamor-
ata.

"I—I—did you receive—a note from me
the other day, Miss Clarice," he stammered,
wishing the floor would give way and pre-
cipitate him into the cellar.

"I received a letter, Mr. Winter," said
Clarice, with a laugh like the tinkling of
silver bells.

"Ah! yes—I ask your pardon, Miss Wil-
mer, for the inadvertency—I mean—"

"Oh, you need not apologize, Mr. Wint-
er. I rather like it, I assure you. You
did not try your fate at the opera, though.
Why didn't you?"

How mischievous her eyes were spark-
ling! A faint crimson dyed her cheek and
altogether Charley, looking at her slyly,
thought he never saw her look so pretty.

"But the annoyance—"

"It wasn't an annoyance. I was pleased."

Charley's heart thrilled suddenly with
hope. He took one step forward.

"You say that it was no annoyance. Dare
I believe you care for me?"

The faint glow deepened suddenly. "You
may," she said.

If Charley's friend, Tom Ridgely, had
dropped in five minutes later, he would
have thought Charley's bashfulness was
all a sham. It never troubled him again.

AN ANCIENT LOAFER.

A Specimen of the Genus Homo Common
in Country Bar-Rooms.
From the Kingston, (N. Y.) Freeman.

The subject of these lines is usually
found in the bar-room of a country hotel.
Old and weather-beaten he is, with the
grims of toil upon his wrinkled hands and
his aged form bent with the weight of years.
He is conscious, in a dim, undefined way,
that he has been hardly used; that in the
battle with fate he has received some blows
below the belt, which have effectually re-
moved what little hope he may have had of
winning the fight. And now, from the
summer of his eighty years, he looks back
over the long and dusty way he has trod
with weary, aching feet, and drearily won-
ders how he has succeeded in climbing so
high. Even now he can be seen at
Martin's hotel on the Saugerties road in
the tap-room of that famous old hostelry,
sitting in an arm chair tilted back against the wall, his few scat-
tered locks covered with the remnant of a
straw hat; his Kentucky-Jean trousers sup-
ported by one suspender, and his feet
thrust stockingless into a pair of cowhide
shoes. He is succeeded in finding, some-
where in the cavernous depth of his pocket,
a bag, which at sometime in the divine
past contained tobacco, and his trembling
fingers search for the morsels which have
collected in the corners, carefully placing
them, when found, between his toothless
jaw and the inside of his leather-like
cheek, with an expression of intense satis-
faction. After patiently listening to the
conversation of a couple of anglers, who
have just returned from a fishing trip to the
Esopas, the fossil suddenly becomes
instinct with life: "You fellows can't catch
no fish!" he vehemently remarks. "Why
not?" mildly inquired one of the party,
"Kase you don't know how,"
and as he warmed to the
subject and the blood commenced to move
in his mummy-like veins, he continued,
patronizingly: "You don't see me usin' any
new-fangled bait; no sir-ee—none o' yer
dobsils an' sich on my line when I'm arter
bass; jus give me a grasshopper an' I'll pull'm
out faster'n ye can take 'em off'n the hook."
The speaker, thinking he detected an in-
credulous look on the face of one of his
listeners, confirmed his remarks by an ap-
peal to a friend; "I'll leave it to Silas
Jones, over there; say, Silas, ain't it so?"
and Silas solemnly affirmed that it was true
as the Holy Writ. The aged Walton went
on: "I seed a feller—sort o' style-ish chap
—down't the bridge yistaday, an' he didn't
have a fishin' pole no thicker'n my finger,
with a little clock onto it, and when he
hooked the fish that the darn fool stood
turnin' the handle of that little clock, and
the fish runnin' round an' round, an' the
little fishin' pole bendin' and I swar-
ain't that the God's truth, Silas?" (to which
forcible interrogation Silas nodded vigor-
ously) "if he didn't monkey an' monkey,"
continued the antediluvian, "fur purty
nigh half an 'our with that ere bass afore
he got his flippers onto him. Now that's
what I calls cussed nonsense. None o' yer
monkeyin' with a bass when he gets a-holt
o' my grasshopper; I yanks 'em out if I
looses a leg, and the bleared eyes of the
ancient turned with a longing gaze toward
the bar, and then toward the auditors; but
seeing no indications of an answer to his
mute appeal, he relapsed into a semi-tor-
pidity again, until the departure of the
fishing party roused him long enough to
say: "I kinder think you fellows is jist like
that darn fool I seen yistaday!"

The Famous English Beauty.

Lovely Mrs. Langtry (who has not been
blessed with a baby, my Jersey correspond-
ent informs me) is sojourning in her native
islet. She is sharing the habitation of the
daughter of Lord Ranelagh, of volunteer
and the late lamented Mme. Rachel renown.
For the present the sinuous, sensuous,
swan-like beauty occupies no share of the
journalists' attention, but if her reverend
father, the dean of Jersey, again comports
himself in public, as he was seen to do the
other day in Oxford street, he will stand a
chance of having a number of paragraphs
placed at his disposal. For a dean of the
church of England to go about muttering
to himself and tearing papers into atoms
with gestures of extreme rage, is, to say the
least of it, unusual and calculated to at-
tract public attention, as, indeed, on the
occasion to which I refer, it unquestion-
ably did. I regret to hear that Mrs. Lang-
try's mother and father yet live apart from
each other, and know that in summary mat-
ters the dean is not the handsomely put-on
dean one would wish to see.

That Little Hatchet.

"Come heah, George Washington, you
black ape," exclaimed Rev. Amindab Bled-
soe, of the Austin Bluelight Colored Taber-
nacle, to a Sunday school scholar, who had
just removed a big wad of something or
other from his mouth. The boy's trembling
limbs carried him into the immediate pres-
ence of the irate shepherd.

"Yer was chawin' terbacker in de house ob
de Lawd."

"I owns right up, parson. I was chawin'
terbacker, but I won't do so no moah."

"George Washington, chawin' terbacker
am bad enough, Lawd knows; but when yer
has got so shameless, yer don't eben try to lie
out of it, hit am time to take you in hand, so
you won't grow up and disgrace de fadder of
his country. Lean ober dat knee, George." And for about ten minutes people
living several blocks off imagined their
neighbors were preparing tough beefsteak
with an ax.

SWIFT VENGEANCE.

A Kentuckian Lynched for a Cold-Blooded
Murder—His Last Moments.

Last week in Bath county, Ky., one Sam-
uel Ramey, shot and killed John Smith
without the slightest provocation, out of
pure devilry. Ramey was committed to
prison, and at night thirty-two men effect-
ed an entrance into the jail
in which Ramey was confined, called him
out into the corridor, where they blind-
folded him and tied his hands. After
taking him out of the jail they informed
him of their purpose and asked him if he
wanted to pray, when he, replying in the
affirmative, knelt down and prayed for
three or four minutes, and after rising,
asked them how they were going to kill
him, expressing a preference for hanging.
His preference was theirs, and the noose,
which was already prepared, was thrown
over his head. At the command of the
leader the men mounted, Ramey being
placed on one of the horses, and they pro-
ceeding just outside of the city limits, where
they stopped just opposite a large white oak
tree, only a few feet from the pike, which
had evidently been selected as the mob
came into town. Here they again dis-
mounted. Ramey was taken from his horse
and led with the rope around his neck to
the tree selected. Stopping under the tree,
the spokesman of the party again asked
Ramey if he had anything to say, when he
requested to again pray. His request was
granted, and for more than five minutes he
bowed in prayer.

One of the men then climbed the tree and
the loose end of the rope around Ramey's
neck was thrown up to him, when he be-
gan tightening, and two others catching hold
of Ramey were ready to hoist him. May
the spokesman said to Ramey, "Sam, your
end is near; have you anything more to say
before you die?" Ramey replied, "Nothing,
except I hope the Lord will have mercy on
your souls as well as mine. I have prayed
to him for forgiveness for you as well as
myself. You stand in my shoes. If I am
a murderer you are in the same fix. May
the Lord God have mercy on your souls as
well as mine, is my prayer." A pause of
only an instant followed, when the two
men caught hold of Ramey and raised him
about four feet from the ground, when the
man above fastened the rope around the
limb, and told those supporting him to let
go, which they did, and Ramey hung sus-
pended in the air. As the men were
raising him he said: "Lord have mercy on
me! Lord have mercy on me!" twice.

He was perfectly cool and calm, and died
without a struggle, being dead in less than
seven minutes after he was swung up.
Ramey was a desperate character, fearless
and determined. He was a terror to the
upper portion of this country and the lower
part of Rowan, as he knew no fear, was
brutal and cruel, and for little or nothing
could be hired to kill his best friend.

Worthy of Charles Dickens.

The following from the Burlington
Hwyke is worthy of the facile and grace-
ful pen of Charles Dickens at his best, with
just the tinge of "Americanism":

James G. Fair is worth \$42,000,000.
And the whole \$42,000,000 of it, my dear
boy, can't make him as happy as you are
with the dew of youth in your heart, when
you hold the hand of the girl you love, and
walk with her in a path that is only wide
enough for one, with the rustling branches
whispering above your head, so happy you
can not speak with anything but your eyes.
If you envy him, Telemachus, if you wish
with your brown hands and your bright young
face, with the down just shading your lip,
with not a gray hair in your head or a
graying care in your heart, with the morn-
ing sun shining on your upturned face,
with the velvet turf under your feet and
the blue heaven above your head, with the
blood coursing through your veins like
wine, with fifty or sixty years of life before
you, with mirage after mirage of bright
dreams and beautiful illusions and pleas-
ing vanities making the landscape beautiful
about you; if you envy this man his \$42-
000,000, and his speculacels, and gray hairs
and wrinkles, and his old heart, you are a
fool, my boy, and you are scattering ashes
on the roses that blow in the morning.
There is lightness in your step, my son,
color in your blood and dreams in your
heart, and all the love and beauty and
freshness of the sunrise, the \$42,000,000
can not buy, and don't you forget it.

Marriage Not a La Mode.

From the New York Herald.

A young man almost a youth, only eight-
teen years of age, named Patrick Stanton,
was yesterday arrested in Brooklyn on a
warrant issued by Justice Kenna, and taken
before that magistrate to answer to a charge
of abandonment preferred by Evelyn Stan-
ton, his wife. Stanton pleaded that the
marriage between himself and the complain-
ant was a "put up job" and that the cere-
mony was performed while he was intoxi-
cated. He alleged that his wife was instru-
mental in getting him in that condition to
accomplish her purpose. It seems that on
the 6th of last month Stanton met for the
first time at a picnic Miss Evelyn Lambert,
now Mrs. Stanton. They were introduced,
subsequently had a good deal of beer to-
gether, and late at night, it is alleged, the
lady carried off the intoxicated gentleman to
a clergyman's and had the knot tied.
Several days elapsed, and Stanton, as he
claims, was in total ignorance as to what
had taken place. He was met on the street
by his wife, who demanded that he should
support her. Stanton denied any knowl-
edge of the marriage, but the certificate
was proof sufficient. Stanton then went to
the Rev. Mr. Hagerman and found that
he had been married to Miss Lambert.
His blunt refusal to live with or support
the latter led her to apply for a warrant for
his arrest. The examination was post-
poned, and Stanton was admitted to bail.

The Homes of London.

Letter from Olive Logan.

The rage for having lovely homes per-
vades all classes of society in this com-
munity where the proportion of those who
are willing to endure life at hotels and board-
ing-houses is infinitesimal, as against the
number who insist upon having at least the
semblance of a home, if it be nothing

even handsome little houses are to be had
in the London suburbs at yearly rent rang-
ing from \$200 to \$400. Who pays \$500,
pays quite a handsome rent, and can almost
command his neighborhood; while as to
those who pay \$1,000 and \$12,000 a year,
they, mark you, are "the swells." To fur-
nish all these abodes, hundreds of thous-
ands of hands are working every day, and
busy artistic pencils are sketching designs
for the artisans to follow.

THE "CONSEQUENCES."

The Practical Game That was Played on
Missouri Brown.

From the Chicago Times.

They were playing an insidious game, in-
vented by the devil or some of his follow-
ers, called "Consequences." Presuming
that our readers know how the thing is
done, we shall only detail what happen-
ed.

Joe Smith and Missouri Brown had been
sweethearts for some time, though she
never would say when he asked her to
marry him. In fact she flitted with some
other fellows in a manner highly demoral-
izing to Joe. He, poor fellow, had stood it
a good while, and had come to the conclu-
sion to bring things to a focus, so to speak,
and had spoken to his friend Tom Brown,
a cousin of Missouri's, on the subject. The
result was that on this particular evening
Tom proposed the fiendish game above
alluded to.

The slips of paper were prepared, passed
around, written on, opened and read. The
first one was something after this order:

"Joe Smith and Lizzie Simpson met in a
corn-field—they were playing the piano—
he said, 'My darling, I love you'—She said,
'I'm hungry'—The consequences were that
they fell in the gutter—and the people said,
'I were better to laugh than to be sighing.'"

This was deemed such a success that the
paper was passed around again. But wick-
ed Tom Brown, with an eye to Joe's case,
"fixed things," and when the paper was
ready to be read he slyly substituted one
he had prepared beforehand. It was based
on a scene that occurred between Joe and
Missouri only a few nights before, and un-
known to any but herself and her lover,
and she wasn't afraid he'd give it away.

Here is what the substitute paper con-
tained.

"Joseph Smith and Missouri Brown—
met in the back parlor—They embraced—
He said, 'My darling, I must kiss you'—
she said, 'Oh, Joe, you mustn't,' but he
did—The consequences were that he kissed
her about for ty times and she didn't squeal—
And the people all said, 'Why on earth
don't those two fools get married?'"

Missouri blushed, and the crowd howled.
In the midst of the uproar the young lady
rushed out of the room and Joe after her.
She was going right home, she said, indig-
nantly, and she did, and Joe with her. And
although she only lived some four squares
away, it took them from 9 to 10.30 o'clock
to walk it. It is observed that Missouri
doesn't flirt any more, and that Joe has be-
gun to wear a plug hat, from which one
may infer that the "consequences" of that
night's work will be all right.

Garfield and Lincoln.

On the death of Lincoln, Garfield quoted
in the house from memory the lines of Ten-
nyson:

"Divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green,
Who breaks his birth's invidious bars,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil stars;
Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys
To mold a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;
And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire."

The lines will be forever applied to Gar-
field himself. On the occasion when he
quoted the poetry, Garfield said, and the
words have a singular force and propriety
now.

"There are times in the history of men
and Nations when they stand so near the
veil that separates mortals and immortals,
time from eternity, and men from their
God, that they can almost hear the breath-
ings and feel the pulsations of the heart
of the Infinite. Through such a time has
this Nation passed. When two hundred
and fifty thousand brave spirits passed
from the field of honor through that thin
veil to the presence of God, and when at
last its parting folds admitted the martyred
president to the company of the dead he-
roes of the republic, the nation stood so
near the veil that the whispers of God were
heard by the children of men. Awestruck-
en by His voice the American people knelt
in tearful reverence, and made a solemn
covenant with God and each other that this
Nation should be saved from its enemies;
that all its glories should be restored."

LABOR IN RUSSIA.

The Hard Lot of the Ex-Serfs—Problem, to
be Solved.

From my inquiries, writes Sunset Cox from
St. Petersburg, I conclude that there is not
much encouragement in labor here. Labor-
ing men work from 6 in the morning to 8
at night, 12 hours, deducting the dinner
hours. Their wages are meagre. They
only earn twenty rubles a month, which, at
the present price of the paper money, is in
our money \$10 a month, and find them-
selves. The women who work in the cot-
ton factories of this and other cities, and
towns get one-half of this. A contractor
of dredging in the gulf tells me that he
hires his best men for 23 rubles
a month, and most of them come
from 500 miles interior. They go home for
the long winter and return for the short
summer. From these chance facts you may
glean the condition of the ex-serfs, who are
the foundation of this social pyramid. But
they do not seem to be of the discon-
tented or dangerous classes. They are rough-
ly and plainly clad—their garments may
be made of sheepskin—and when off duty
they may and do stand as much of the wildest
devil of bad drink as any set of men on the
star; but still they are the broad basis of this
Russian social order. While they are loyal to
their "father, the Czar," and his family, this
land will know no violent or extensive re-
volution. In the struggle now going on
there are many hard problems to solve.
Some of them are agrarian, growing out of
the emancipation of the serfs and the di-
vision of the land. These may be in time ar-
ranged satisfactorily by the local communes
or legislatures. Escaping this trouble,
there is the vast debt and tax and other
financial and currency questions. But this,
too, by the genius of good statesmanship,

may be a cloud which will pass away. Ah!
if only Russia could have a rest from war,
and if her vast army could be turned into
labor upon her vast and fruitful plains!
Russia accomplished the emancipation of
her serfs, it was the work of a nation, and
not merely of a man, or a bureaucracy.
Arguing from this work so well done, Wal-
lace, the best observer of Russian affairs
from a foreign standpoint, "confidently as-
sumes that Russia will, in due time, suc-
cessfully overcome the agrarian difficulties
that still lie before her."

JOSIAH'S EXPERIMENT.

"Yes, I do need a housekeeper, the worst
kind!" said Bachelor Wintershaw, as he
fished his spectacles out of the pan of
bread he was mixing, and wiped his pers-
piring forehead on his coat-sleeve. "I'd
ought to be cutting the meadow
this very minute," he continued; "but a
man can't work without eating. How in
the name of sense the women folks man-
age to get dough out of the pan and into
the oven is more than I can see! If Sister
Polly had only been content to stay and
keep house for me, the same as she had
for the last ten years, I wouldn't be in this
fix. But, no; she must up and marry the
first good chance she got! And here there's
a week's churning of cream in the spring-
house, and the sweet potatoes to dig before
the frost, and bushels of windfalls to make
into apple butter. I believe—yes I do
believe—I'll advertise for a wife! If I don't
make some change pretty soon, everything
will go to rack and ruin, and that senti-
mental, simpering Miss Melinda Tippet will
marry me in spite of myself!"

Having made up his mind, Bachelor Win-
tershaw lost no time in putting his plan in-
to execution.

And Miss Melinda Tippet sighed as she
watched him the next morning riding down
the grassy lane on his old sorrel mare, who
had grown so fat and lazy she declined to
take a step faster than a walk.

"Dear me!" sighed Miss Melinda, "where
can Mr. Wintershaw be going so early in
the morning? And what a hard time he
must have without a housekeeper!"

"Housekeeper indeed?" sniffed her sister-
in-law, briskly stirring away at a brass ket-
tle of blackberry jam that was bubbling
over the fire.

"Tain't because he can't get one that
Josiah Wintershaw goes without a house-
keeper!"

Miss Melinda was used to snubbings, so
she made no reply, but the faint flush
that tinged her cheek showed that she felt
the sneer.

She sighed again, however, as she glanced
across the broad meadows and rustling
corn fields of the Wintershaw farm, and her
eye rested upon the substantial brown
farm-house, with hop-vines wreath-
ing the porches and tall holly-
hocks and tiger-lilies nodding by the door.

"Yes," said Miss Melinda, sally, of course
he could get a housekeeper, and of course
he knows it. But if I only could get away
from here, and have a home of my own—
I would not care how poor it was, nor how
small—I'd be perfectly happy. And I'd
cover the porches with hop-vines and scar-
let runners," she added, with another sigh,
and another look at the Wintershaw home-
stead.

"Melinda," called a sharp voice from the
kitchen, "are you a-going to gather that
basket of sweetings this morning, or ain't
ye?"

And without a word Miss Melinda meekly
started after the basket of sweetings.

In due season a letter came in answer to
the advertisement. Josiah had taken the
precaution to use an assumed name, and to
have his letters directed to the post-office
of a neighboring town so that he had so far
managed to evade discovery by his neigh-
bors.

"Josiah Wintershaw must be a-courting,"
they said, seeing him ride off once a week
in his best clothes, but no one could dis-
cover where he held.

"Who knows but this may be my wedding
day?" said Josiah to himself one morning
as he harnessed the old mare to
his open-topped buggy, after brush-
ing her more carefully than
usual.

"It'll be our first meeting to be 'sure," he
continued. "But if we suit each other,
what's the odds? I ain't very particular, so
she's a good housekeeper and has a kind
disposition. And if she's satisfied with me
we can just drop into the minister's, and
be married and done with it. Then I'll have
somebody to get supper for me to-night."

And Josiah Wintershaw drove gaily away
with a flaming yellow marigold pinned in
his button-hole.

Having

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY LOUNSBERRY & JEWELL.

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BISMARCK.

A gentleman having considerable means to invest, whose attention was attracted to Bismarck through the TRIBUNE's special illustrated edition, published last summer, recently visited this city. At St. Paul, at Fargo, and on the train he heard only praise of Mandan, Fargo and Jamestown, and unkind words for Bismarck. Some persons connected with the North Pacific, who ought not to treat any portion of the line unkindly labored to convince him that Bismarck had no future that promised a fair return for capital invested, and even went so far as to speak disparagingly of the land in the immediate vicinity, while exalting Mandan and its surroundings. The gentleman came with his good opinion of Bismarck's location and business importance much shaken. He spent a week or more in the city. He examined the soil and the products of the country; he inquired as to the concentration of business at this point; obtained figures as to express, telegraph, freight steamboat and postal business; inquired as to its schools and churches; and was satisfied. He has already invested largely and has arranged for still further investments in a line of the greatest importance to Bismarck. Here he did not hear a single unkind word of Mandan or of the country west or east because Bismarck believes in building up the country tributary to it. At Mandan he did not hear a kind word of Bismarck.

Bismarck may be at fault in some respects; it may not blow its own trumpet as other towns blow theirs; it may not have used its capital for display but it should be remembered that whatever there is in the way of capital at Bismarck has been made right here. No capital has come in from abroad and it has never enjoyed the favor of the forces that shape the tide of immigration. For four years no title to its lots could be obtained and it had scarcely settled that question when other influences were controlled against it. And yet it has prospered. Every year has witnessed an increase in its business. Single firms now handle more goods and pay more freight than the whole city did four years ago. And notwithstanding all of the unkind things said of it Bismarck has improved more this year than any other city on the line. Not on the main street, perhaps, but in the city. Over two hundred dwelling houses have been built and about every day adds to the number. The town is not mortgaged. A single block in Fargo carries a greater mortgage debt than the entire city of Bismarck. The dwellings are usually small but they are comfortable and are owned by their occupants and there is no city in the United States to-day offering so good a chance for investment as Bismarck.

Officers of the Chicago and Northwestern road have assured our people that one of their lines will surely reach Bismarck next year, and the Milwaukee & St. Paul have already surveyed a line to Bismarck.

The Pioneer Press announces editorially and apparently upon the personal authority of Secretary Windom, the fact that he will immediately resign his cabinet position and ask a return to the Senate at the hands of the Minnesota State Legislature, soon to be convened in extra session. The Pioneer Press endorses this action, and upholds it upon the ground that Senator Edgerton is not a strong man politically and would undoubtedly be defeated, in time of re-election. It is further urged that political enemies and complications have been formed during the recent canvass preceding the gubernatorial nomination, that would complicate and embitter any future Senatorial contest with any one except Secretary Windom as a candidate. The Pioneer Press is undoubtedly correct, although there are more and better reasons than the above why Secretary Windom would be an acceptable candidate. The great state of Minnesota will through her representatives express a unanimous desire to again honor the man who has for years

honored the State, and has been recognized as an honest man, a conscientious politician, a more than efficient cabinet officer, and a shrewd and capable financier. In the light of recent events, however, Secretary Windom in selecting a newspaper to announce his candidacy has committed an error that would prove fatal to the success of any less prominent personage.

CONTINUANCE OF "THE BOOM."

There are evidences everywhere that the country is at present enjoying an unusual season of prosperity. Notwithstanding flood and drouth and a partial failure of crops all over the United States, there is a great deal of surplus capital seeking investment. These facts force themselves upon the most unobserving, and are particularly manifest to such as mingle with the world's people and occasionally make comparisons of the present with the past. As capital seeks investment, labor is in active demand, and the man of money and the man of brain and muscle mutually prosper. Thoughtful people very naturally ask: "How long is the boom to last?" Philosophers try to analyze the question, and find a solution by studying cause and effect. Others simply take the times as they find them and do not pause to say "why?" and "how long?" Certain it is that when speculation is rife and "money is easy," there follows disaster and disappointment to the few, though many are benefited. A reaction will certainly come, but to those who are benefited by previous experiences, and have made a note of events since the close of the war, there will be no disappointment and the effect will be salutary. Americans as a people easily learn from experience. The country is now upon a solid and firm financial basis, as compared with the times immediately following the war, when fortunes were easily won, and were represented by stamped pieces of paper subject to great fluctuations in value. The reaction has passed and the lesson has been learned. It only remains for the present generation to profit by it. The prosperity of to-day and the boom that is now on may be made to continue almost indefinitely. It is for the people to maintain a good financial equilibrium, and not try to over-reach themselves. Wildcat speculation always results disastrously to the majority. Money invested is even better than usury. Money lying idly in the safe is better than capital loaned at a percentage greater than the legitimate profits of necessary industry can pay. The field for remunerative investment is almost inexhaustible. There is no occasion for inflating the present prosperity until it forms a future bubble and bursts. It is impolitic to swell the tidal wave until it becomes a destructive flood. The new world is a fertile field for the capital of the old world. The west is an interest bearing warranty deed for the surplus dollars of the east. With an honest government and modest individual economy there is no cause that can possibly turn the present tide. Greenbacks, thanks be to a republican administration are to-day as good as the gold that comes pouring into our national treasury. America is receiving to-day the honor of every other nation on the globe. We are a self-governed people and emigrants are flocking to our shores to be made joint heirs in our inheritance. The immense tide of foreign emigration encouraged by sharing our prosperity will with its incalculable wealth in cash and labor intensify itself. Capital which ventured forth from its hiding places during the past two years, emboldened by its success will seek and find new sources of employment. The TRIBUNE predicts that the boom has but just commenced. The people, profiting by the errors of the past, by a judicious exercise of the elective franchise, by keeping their eyes open and their brains clear, can continue the boom unabated and hand it down to future generations.

Gov. CULLOM has offered a reward of \$500 for the Williams brothers. It will be remembered that these notorious characters recently killed the sheriff of Calhoun county and thus far every attempt to capture them has been futile. One of their recent exploits was to ride into a small village saloon and order the drinks for a crowd of loafers. The loafers drank but the desperadoes did not. They promptly rode away, and no one attempted to molest them. They are heavily armed and carry a Henry rifle and a powerful field glass, by which they have been able to detect pursuers long before they were discovered by the officers. Their capture will be a big feather in the cap of the officer who affects it.

The necessity of keeping well insured should be apparent to every business man. It is to be regretted that a majority of the buildings in Bismarck are frame, for if a fire should get well under way it is impossible to conjecture the amount of loss that would be sustained. If more bricks were sprinkled through the town one

could leave his place of business at night feeling comparatively safe, at least so far as a general conflagration is concerned. Besides, the building of brick is economy. The difference in the rate of insurance in the Merchants Hotel block and Raymond's brick is four per cent. On a \$20,000 policy, in five years enough will have been saved in the latter to pay for the building. In other words, any person having done business on Main street in Bismarck for five years past in a frame building, had they torn it down and built of brick instead, would have paid for the building by this time in the saving of insurance alone.

The Bismarck brick yards with their steam machines are now turning out as fine brick as can be made anywhere. A business man is indeed foolish to build of wood, when he can build with brick nearly as cheap. If a man has only money enough to build a business house of wood it will pay him to borrow enough money to build of brick, as in so doing he will make enough on the difference in insurance to pay the interest on the money borrowed, and the taxes on the property. It will also pay every business man in town to tear down or move away his wooden structure in which he is now doing business, and build of brick. A pencil, piece of paper, and a little figuring is all that is necessary to convince anyone of this fact.

Out of respect to Mrs. Garfield the widow of the late President, if for no other reason, the wrangling doctors should cease their turmoil about the autopsy. There is no doubt but that the lamented President received all the care that a scientific mind could suggest; it matters not who were his attendants, the blow was fatal, and the attention of the people should now be turned toward the condemnation of the guilty assassin instead of the columns of slush appearing daily, purporting to come from learned surgeons, giving their opinions, pro and con, of the attending physicians.

Box elder seeds by the bushel may now be gathered on Apple Creek, without money and without price. A peck or so of these to the acre, will afford a sufficient start of trees for the timber claim. Being native to the soil, they are sure to grow and do well with a little care and the minimum of expense. Their foliage is graceful, and their timber is excellent fuel. The box-elder groves in all the bends of upper Apple Creek give a wondrous charm to the scenery; and but for the prairie fires would soon spread into the adjacent parts.

SECRETARY WINDOM's career in the cabinet has been almost without fault. Never was the position held by a man who developed a more thorough knowledge of the finances of the country, and who has wrought so much good to the financial status of the nation. He leaves a work which, if carried out in the manner as begun, will be a sufficient guarantee against panic and hard times for years to come.

In round figures the monthly cash business of the Bismarck telegraph office is \$5,000, and that of the ticket office last month was over \$10,000. If there was another telegraph line from Bismarck east the telegraph business would be much larger. Bismarck excels in these two branches any other city on the line of the road. These are facts for the telegraph company as well as the North Pacific management to ponder over.

THE ARGUS man takes it upon himself to call a respected citizen of Fargo, named Roberts, a cur for not entertaining a few visiting ministers at his home during the conference. The sacrilegious editor of the Argus knows not but that Roberts had a cause for this action. Roberts may not be a religious man, but if he has a particle of that article in his composition he holds over the Argus man.

PROF. KING, the balloonist, who made such a complete failure at the Minneapolis fair, has begun operation at Chicago. He is to go up a hundred feet or so for a clothing house as an advertising scheme. He bamboozled Minneapolis out of a fine silk balloon, and he is probably now working for a suit of broadcloth.

If the president marries the widow that Eli Perkins says he will, he will secure in addition to a beautiful and accomplished lady, \$40,000 a year income from the estate left her by her late husband, Marshall O. Roberts.

WHEN asked what he thought of Ireland, Charley Collins said recently that the Isle was two hundred years behind the times. "Why," said Charley, "when it lightens there it don't thunder till six months afterwards."

ONE of the most important matters for the consideration of the council is the establishing of fire limits. If this is done, a good, substantial class of buildings will

soon take the place of the old shells now disgracing the main streets.

EVERY city on the Missouri river is booming except Yankton. There are too many ex-Indian agents and "exs" of all sorts living in Yankton who do not care to make a sufficient stir to be heard.

PALACE dining cars will be one of the achievements of the North Pacific next season. When completed this great trans-continental road will be the most pleasant to ride over of any in the country.

BUFFALO BILL is not slow to "catch on" to an advertising dodge. Yesterday he hired (presumably,) a man to fire three shots at him on the street and then had another man arrested on suspicion.

At least twelve boats will winter at Bismarck this season. By so doing the season of navigation next year will be at least a month longer and the spring boom in Bismarck a month earlier.

STATE SENATOR McCORMICK, of Waseca, Minn., is authority for the statement that Dunnell will not aspire to be a candidate for the senatorship should Mr. Windom desire to return.

THE expressions of mourning for the late President, in the shape of the cotton drapery in New York is now being taken down and shipped to the Michigan sufferers from forest fires.

It is reported that President Arthur has been ailing for several days. Although under the care of a physician the matter has been kept very quiet. His pulse reached 110 yesterday.

THE run on Ohio for officers of every kind has ceased. An Ohio man stands no show with Arthur, because it was Sherman who turned him out of the New York custom house.

NOT for five years at least, can there be a general panic throughout the country. As long as the government treasury is redeeming bonds, the market will be glutted with wealth.

THE managers of the national temperance society have addressed an appeal to President Arthur not to use or encourage the use of wine and intoxicating liquors at the White House.

THERE will probably be no locking horns in the organization of the senate. While the democrats will have the control, it is not thought they will be boisterous.

IT is stated that J. B. Hobbs, a prominent Methodist deacon of Chicago, has made about \$2,000,000 for the church by investing church funds in corn.

HOWGATE says he is not like the boy, etc., but will answer to the charge of embezzlement made against him.

OVER \$250,000 has already been expended on the Panama canal, and nearly 7,000 men are at work.

THE Mississippi river is still on the boom. Such high water at this season was never known.

No. 1 hard wheat was \$1.32 in Fargo yesterday.

In the Whole History of Medicine
No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in the throat and lung disorders of children, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible. For sale by all dealers.

When you have an inflamed eye, a swelled hand, or decayed and aching tooth, you do not take and fill your stomach with drugs to cure it, but apply a cooling lotion or some soothing narcotic directly to the parts. So if you have a weak or lame back, sore kidneys, profuse or scanty urine, or the secretory system is clogged or inactive, you should use Prof. Gulmette's French Kidney Pad, which is a directly local application, which always gives speedy relief and always cures the disease. Ask your druggist for it.

AGENTS AND CANVASSERS
Make from \$25 to \$50 per week selling goods for E. G. KIDDEUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., New York.
Send for their Catalogue and terms. 16y 1

FLOUR, FEED and PRODUCE.

I wish to inform the people of Burleigh County that I have just opened in the building next to the TRIBUNE a Flour, Feed and Produce Store, and hope to see my friends at my new stand. I shall keep only the best articles at the lowest market price. Remember the place

No. 37 Main Street, two doors west of Postoffice.

FRANK DONNELLY.

LAND NOTICES.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., October 8, 1881.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry at 11 o'clock a. m., Monday, November 7, 1881, viz: Charles R. Williams, Jr. No. 243, made January 14, 1881, for the northeast quarter, section 21, township 139, north range 78 west, and named the following as his witnesses, viz: John L. Steen, Charles Wilcox, Charles D. T., and Ed Sloan and Michael McLear, Bismarck, D. T.
JOHN A. REA, Register.
w-19-23

Notice of Final Proof.

LAND OFFICE at Bismarck, D. T., September 8, 1881.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereon at 10 a. m., October 8, 1881.
Postced entry No. 275, made April 6, 1881, for the southwest quarter of section 30, township 139, range 79 west, and names the following as his witnesses, viz: George Gibbs, Hamlet Livens, Fred Roberts and George Glass, all of Burleigh county, D. T. Postoffice address, Bismarck.
JOHN A. REA, Register.

Notice of Contest.

U. S. Land Office, Bismarck, Dak., August 10, 1881.
Complaint having been entered at this office by Agnes H. Cronkhite against Wm. B. Martin for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 186, dated September 1, 1880, upon the n. e. quarter section 20, township 139, n., range 26, in Kidder county, D. T., with a view to the cancellation of said entry the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 24th day of October, 1881, at 9 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning such alleged abandonment.
JOHN A. REA, Register.

EDWARD M. BROWN, Receiver.

Notice to Take Deposition.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, COUNTY OF BURLEIGH—ss. In district court, Third Judicial district.
L. C. Black, plaintiff, vs. Isaac Thompson, defendant. To Isaac Thompson, above named defendant:
You will please take notice that the deposition of L. C. Black, witness for the plaintiff in the above entitled action, will be taken by Samuel S. Carpenter, a notary public duly authorized by the laws of Ohio to administer oaths therein, at his office in the city of Cincinnati, in the county of Hamilton and State of Ohio, on the 26th day of October, 1881, at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, and to adjourn from day to day if necessary, said deposition to be used upon the trial of said action in said court.
Dated, Bismarck, D. T., the 25th day of September, 1881.
FLANNERY & WETHERBY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Administrator's Notice.

Territory of Dakota, County of Burleigh, ss. In Probate Court in the matter of the estate of Jacob Wiltworth, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the above estate must exhibit them to the undersigned administrator, with the necessary vouchers, at his place of Bismarck, D. T., within four months of the date of the first publication of this notice, or else said claims will be forever barred.
JOHN YEGEN, Administrator.
J. E. CEARLAND, Atty for said estate.

Probate Notice.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, COUNTY OF BURLEIGH. In probate court, Burleigh county. In the matter of the estate of Mary Adams, deceased.
The petition of Maria Dutrinall having been filed in this court on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1881, representing among other things, that Mary Adams, who last dwelt in the county of Choteau, in the Territory of Montana, died intestate on the 22d day of March, 1879, possessed of certain real estate in the county of Burleigh, D. T., to be administered upon, of the value of three hundred dollars, and praying that George P. Flannery, Esq., be appointed administrator of said estate.
It is ordered that said petition be heard by the judge of this court on Monday, the 17th day of October, 1881, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, at the probate office in said county.
And it is further ordered that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order in the Bismarck Weekly TRIBUNE, a newspaper printed and published at Bismarck, in said county, for three (3) successive weeks prior to said day of hearing.
By the Court: E. N. COREY, Judge of Probate.
Dated Sept. 25, 1881.

Building Proposals.

BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 19.
Proposals for building at Fort Peck Indian Agency, Poplar River, Montana Territory.—Sealed proposals will be received at Fort Peck Indian Agency, until 10 o'clock a. m., Saturday, October 16th, 1881, for the construction and completion of boarding and industrial school buildings.
Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of St. Paul Pioneer Press, St. Paul, Minn., and at the office of C. S. Weaver & Co., Bismarck, Burleigh County, D. T., buildings to be completed on or before December 20th, 1881. There must accompany each bid sufficient guarantee of some responsible party of ability and means on the part of the bidder to complete buildings as specified. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved. The successful bidder will be advised by telegraph. Address Proposals to the undersigned.
N. S. PORTER, U. S. Indian Agent.
Poplar River, M. T. 17 19

Send for our LOW PRICES list (not mailed free on application) and see the number of

ROSE'S

And other RARE PLANTS we mail for \$1.

Our Greenhouses (covering 2 acres in Glass) are the largest in America.

Peter Henderson & Co.,
35 Cortlandt St., New York.

MANDAN.

Local Items.

The frame is up for O'Rourke and McGillicuddy's new store.

The Pioneer will be out to-day and hereafter each week on Friday.

Col. Sparrow is building a new house which will be a pleasant residence.

Mr. F. E. Hager left on the train yesterday morning to be absent for a few days.

Frank J. Mead has sold half interest in his addition. Somebody has a good thing.

B. L. Winston will be at home next Saturday. He has been to St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The anxiety for lime by the builders is at an end. Quite a large supply was received yesterday.

The upper story of the hotel is ready for painting and this month it will be completed throughout.

Five stock shippers went up the line yesterday morning to load 100 cars with cattle for the eastern market at Keith Station during next week.

Jack Lumberger, Jr., has arrived in Mandan and those who have seen him say he is a fine looking fellow. His weight is not made public.

The Misses Grianell have opened a select school which is a very desirable thing to have in town, and they will no doubt have a goodly number of pupils.

The Presbyterian church is being plastered, and it will be completed in a short time, when Mandan will have one of the finest churches on the North Pacific.

The change of time of the eastern train gets travelers up earlier than before. It leaves now at seven o'clock in the morning instead of at eight as heretofore as the train leaves an hour earlier at Bismarck.

Murray, the painter has the contract for painting the new hotel and he will do an excellent job. He begins today. It will be handsomely grained and kalsomined. All under the charge of Murray.

Mollie's Ram.

Mollie had a little ram, fleece as black as a rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated to.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hilarious grew, to see him walk demurely, into Deacon Allen's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad, brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle, the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again, slas' that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked stowily back, about a rod, 'tis said; and ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose and went for that ere sheep, but several well directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they straightway for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man and shot him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would the fiercest beast subdue—"Aha," he says, "I will try that game on you."

And so he kindly, gently called: "Come rammy, rammy, ram; to see the folks abuse you so I grieved, and sorry am."

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying, "rammy, ram, ram, rammy, rammy ram my, ram—best sheepy in the town."

The ram looked meek, and on he came, with "rammy, rammy, ram; ram, rammy, rammy, ram; the nice little ram."

The ram quite dropped its humble air, and rose from off his feet, and when the parson sat he lay beneath the hindmost seat.

And as he shot out the open door, and closed it with a slam, he named a California town, I think 'twas "Yuba Dam."

It Was a Plot.

The New York Herald prints the following: "If it hadn't been for Sergeant Mason's hurry," said a soldier of the second artillery, "Guiteau would have been out of the way by this time. We had arranged everything," said he, "and would have carried out our plan on the night following. Mason's individual fire had nothing to do with us, and indeed it broke up the whole thing, for that night he was removed to a cell where no one can shoot him from the outside if they want to." The soldier then detailed all the preliminaries in regard to the organization of the conspiracy. Said he to the Herald correspondent: "Now that the whole thing is a matter of the past, I will tell you about it. We were sick of the duty we were doing—guarding the jail, and being requested to remain on the outside. One of the non-commissioned officers suggested that, as Guiteau would be hanged, we might as well shoot him and thus avoid the expense and trouble of trying him. That evening at supper one of the men asked him if he

was serious about it, and at least a dozen said they would take part in it. The plan was: Some morning or evening when we were relieved from guard duty for the whole party to march as near the jail as we could get, and then go through some kind of a drill so as to attract Guiteau's attention to us. We would go through the form of loading and unloading several times, and then at the signal the whole party let go at Guiteau. The whole crowd firing together we would all be equally guilty, and none of us would ever know which of us fired the ball which took effect. Mason heard of it in some way, and so as to steal the credit from us fired at him alone. He missed him. Had we all worked together and fired together, one of us would certainly killed him, and chances are that none of us would ever have received any punishment for it."

The North Pacific Tunnel.

[New Northwest.]

Last Thursday, returning from Helena, we concluded to come on the railroad—line. Driving out the Silver City road, and turning up Seven Mile Creek, we followed the line of the stakes as nearly as possible by road to the eastern approach to the tunnel, then around by Jack Reynold's graded road to the western approach to the tunnel, down Meadow Creek, where Cheabrough's party were locating near the Frenchwoman's, and thence down Little Blackfoot to Jones' station. The eastern approach to the range for six or eight miles is over some rugged country, and is a bold piece of engineering. It includes at Skelly's gulch a bridge 1,300 feet long, with a central pier 225 feet high. The grade for several miles is 116 feet to the mile. But with this grade a direct line is obtained most of the way, and the scenery is superb. The tunnel will enter in a precipitous glen under the shadow of stupendous mountains, as wild and impressive a locality as could be found anywhere, and 3,750 feet further on, having passed 280 below the summit of the range, the trains emerge suddenly into a grassy glade, between rounded foothills, into the broad basin of Carbon Moor. Thence down Meadow creek to the Frenchwoman's, although maximum grade it is as easy to build a road as between Deer Lodge and Butte. There is practically no mountain west of the tunnel, and but six or eight miles east. We are not surprised the engineers are reported to have decided in favor of the Mullen route.

Sounding for Alligators.

[Natchitoches Indicator.]

It is a very rare occurrence that Sibley Lake, just west of this city, becomes dry. During the summer months there have always existed holes which became the resort of alligators. This year the continued drouth evaporated even this customary moisture, leaving only a few slush spots.

Last Saturday a party of citizens repaired to the lake, armed with long rods of iron and ropes, for the purpose of destroying the alligators which, from time immemorial, have infested this place.

These reptiles had buried themselves deep in the moisture of the lake bed, and were easily discovered by the huge burrows in the ground, the entrances to which were worn smooth by the passage of the ugly denizens. The modus operandi of catching them was to thrust a long rod, with a hook formed at one end and turned downward, into one of the caverns and stir up the occupant. It would invariably snap at the object of the disturbance, and a jerk fastened the hook into the soft part of the lower jaw, when it was drawn forth and dispatched with a hatchet. The party killed six of the amphibious reptiles, one measuring nine feet, two about seven feet, two six and one five feet.

Gen. Kilpatrick's War Horse.

Gen. Kilpatrick's old war horse, Spot, now 28 years old, is quietly grazing on the General's farm at Deckertown, N. J., where J. E. Kelly, the New York artist, has recently painted his portrait. The old prebald is as high-heeled and vigorous as in the war times, when he proudly bore the General into the storm of shot and shell at the head of the Third Cavalry Division, Army of the Potomac, and at the head of the cavalry on Sherman's "march to the sea." Spot saw service in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Georgia, and North and South Carolina, and perhaps has been more frequently under fire than any horse now living. By the General he is regarded as one of the most precious relics of the war.

Stray Cattle.

Strayed from my place at Spring Cooley, on the Buford road, September 22, 1881, four head of work oxen. Two are red, about nine years old; one has scar on left shoulder. The other had rope on his head. The other two are four years old; one red and white, and the other white and yellowish. Any information that will lead to their recovery will be suitably rewarded. Should they be found near Bismarck, McLean & Macnider will receive them and settle all charges. CHARLES WELLS.

d 27-38 w 18-19

87th

Popular Monthly Drawing of the

COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO.

In the City of Louisville, on

Monday, October 31, 1881

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky.

The United States Circuit Court on March 31st entered the following decisions:

1st—That the Commonwealth Distribution Company is legal.

2d—Its drawings are not fraudulent.

The Company has now on hand a large reserve fund. Read the list of prizes for the

OCTOBER DRAWING.

1 Prize \$20,000.00 Prizes \$100 ea \$10,000
1 Prize 10,000.00 Prizes 50 ea 10,000
1 Prize 5,000.00 Prizes 20 ea 12,000
10 Prizes \$1,000 ea 10,000 Prizes 10 ea 10,000
20 Prizes 500 ea 10,000
9 Prizes \$500 ea Approximation Prizes \$2,700
9 Prizes 200 ea 1,800
8 Prizes 100 ea 800

1,950 Prizes. \$112,400

Whole Tickets, \$2. Half Tickets, \$1.
27 Tickets, \$50 55 Tickets, \$100.

Remit Money or Bank Draft in Letter, or send by Express. DON'T SEND BY REGISTERED LETTER OR POSTOFFICE ORDER. Orders of \$5 and upwards, by Express, can be sent at our expense. Address all orders to R. M. Boardman, Courier Journal Building, Louisville, Ky., or R. M. Boardman, 309 Broadway, New York.

GET THE BEST!



LEAD ALL OTHERS!

Every Style & Price.

Guaranteed Unequaled

FOR

OPERATION,

ECONOMY,

DURABILITY and

WORKMANSHIP.

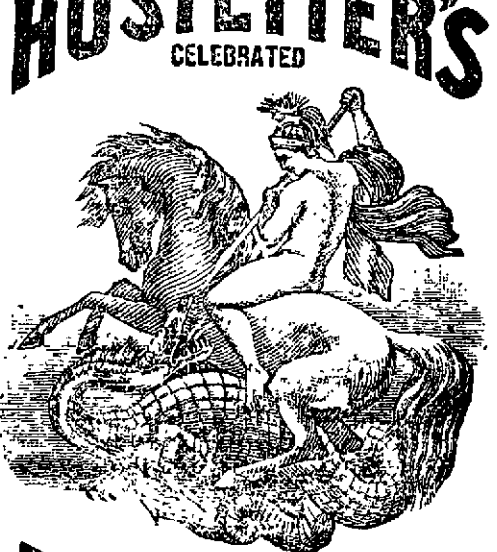
Improvements and Conveniences found in no others.

Always Reliable.

POPULAR EVERYWHERE.

For Sale in Every City and Town in the United States.

For sale by O. H. Beal, Bismarck, D. T.



Though Shaken in Every Joint

And filled with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent antiseptic tonic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney trouble and other ailments.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

A LADY WANTED to take exclusive Agency in Bismarck for our Bitters, etc. (the very best) commission; permanent; no risk; only endorsement required; send for samples and terms. J. B. HULING & Co., Chicago, Ill.

FREE 8 Samples and Catalogue of best sell. ing articles on card. World Mfg. Co., 122 Nassau St. N. Y.

31-50

BISMARCK

AND

STANDING ROCK

STAGE & EXPRESS

LINE.

Leaves Bismarck daily, except Sundays, at 8 a. m., arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours. Leaves Standing Rock daily, except Sunday, at 4 a. m., arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours. For freight or passage apply to Geo. Proffers & Co., Bismarck, D. T. Jno. Thompson & Co., Standing Rock.

INSURANCE

WALTER MANN, Pres. G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r, St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

FIRE AND MARINE

In the Following Companies:

Springfield - \$1,361,948 00
Western, Toronto - 1,150,542 00
Firemen's Fund - 811,673 00
Star of New York - 608,803 00
S. & Paul Fire and Marine 558,483 00
American Central - 550,296 00

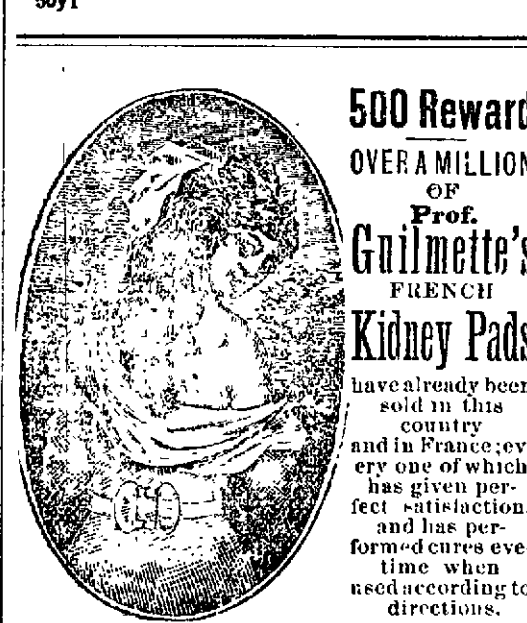
\$5,042,045 00

G. H. FAIRCHILD, Agent.

ELECTRIC RING YOUTHFUL VIGOR. Lost Energy, Nervous Debility, Lost Hopes, Indiscretions in Youth positively cured. Rubber goods 2 for \$1 or \$4 per doz. Send stamp for circular. Dr. J. A. S. 204 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

PILES ANAKESIS

DR. S. SHISBEE'S EXTERNAL PILE REMEDY Gives Instant Relief, and is an Infallible CURE FOR ALL KINDS OF PILES. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Price, \$1.00 per box, prepaid, by mail. Samples sent free to Physicians and all sufferers, by Neustaedter & Co., Box 2948, New York City. Sole manufacturers of ANAKESIS 50y1



We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will Positively and Permanently cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private diseases or otherwise.

LADIES. If you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs.

YOU CAN BE CURED!

Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD.

Which cures by Absorption.

Ask your druggist for Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad, and take no other. If he has not got it, send \$2 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Judge Buchanan, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money."

George Vetter, a. P., Toledo, O., says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

Squire N. G. Scott, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time I was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and now I know I am entirely cured."

Mrs. Helen Jerome, Toledo, O., says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time, to my bed with Leucorrhoea and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. Green, wholesale grocer, Findlay, O., writes: "I was a sufferer with lame back and in the morning I was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

B. F. Keesling, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pad gave better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever sold."

Ray & Shoemaker, Druggists, Hannibal, Mo. We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day.

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Connecticut, \$1,483,000
Liverpool, London and Globe, 29,000,000
Traders, 830,000
La Cuna, 5,600,000
Hamburg-Magdeburg, 833,000
Hamburg-Bremen, 1,244,000
German-American, 2,619,000

F. J. CALL, Agent, Bismarck, D. T.



WALTER MANN, Pres. G. H. FAIRCHILD, Cash'r, St. Paul, Minn. Bismarck, D. T.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BISMARCK, DAKOTA

BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA

Paid up Capital \$50,000

DIRECTORS:

WALTER MANN, G. H. FAIRCHILD, H. R. PORTER, ASA FISHER, DAN EISENBERG.

Correspondents:

American Exchange Nat. Bank, New York. First National Bank, Chicago. Merchants Nat. Bank, St. Paul.

Collections made and Promptly Remitted. Interest on Time Deposits. Drafts on Europe.

Ocean Steamship Tickets.

\$25 TO \$50 PER DAY!

can easily be made by using the celebrated

Victor Well Auger and

Rock Boring machinery.

in any part of the country.

We mean it, and are prepared to demonstrate the fact. They are operated by either man, horse or steam power, and bore very rapid. They range in size from three inch to four and one-half feet in diameter, and will bore to any required depth. They will bore successfully and satisfactorily in all kinds of earth, soft sand and limestone, bituminous stone coal, slate, hard pan gravel, lava, builders' serpentine and conglomerate rock, and guaranteed to make the very best of wells in quick time. They are light running, simple in construction, easily operated, durable, and acknowledged as the best and most practical machine extant. They are endorsed by some of the highest state officials. We contract for prospecting for coal, gold, silver, coal oil and all kinds of minerals; also for sinking artesian wells and coal shafts. We also furnish engines, boilers, wind mills, hydraulic rams, horse powers, brick machines, mining tools, portable forges, rock drills and machinery of all kinds.

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A CHILD OF THE DEVIL.

I suppose most of the tourists of to-day know the Harz mountains intimately, and have journeyed up to the top of the Brocken. Probably there is a branch railway to take passengers there from Harzburg. Probably the Ilsefeld has been utilized for a fashionable bathing establishment.

However, when I went there twelve years ago, we did things in a primitive fashion, and drove all the way up from Harzburg.

I was a young diplomatist at the time, attached to our embassy at Berlin. I was strong and full of spirits, well favored and with more money at my command than I knew how to spend. I found myself one hot August morning at Berlin, working away in my shirt sleeves, when a note was brought to me from my chief, announcing that if I cared to take a week's holiday I was at liberty to do so.

Berlin was a wilderness, the Thiergarten was a waste, and life was unendurable except between six in the evening and nine in the morning.

Nothing loth, I ordered some traps to be put up, and wandered away to Brunswick. A week in August is of very little use, except to potter about in the German country. England was too far, and the time to remain there too short; so I spent two days in Brunswick, where I became fired with enthusiasm about Henry the Lion, his relics and his tomb, and in the duke's palace I found upon the banner the ancient scroll:

A Dien mon ame,
Ma vie au roi,
Mon cœur aux dames,
Honneur pour moi.

From Brunswick I drifted, as a leaf in a stream, to Harzburg, where the idea suddenly occurred to me that I would drive up the Brocken.

I chartered a conveyance, and started at ten o'clock in the morning. The drive, I was told, would take me seven hours.

The weather was perfect, the way was solitary. The bells on the horses' harness sounded faintly on the drowsy air. My driver rolled about on his box, engaged at times in profound sleep, a pipe in his mouth and a sweet pea behind his ear.

Our way lay upward, of course, and by the roadside a delicious stream, dashed and foamed over the rocky soil. Several times I followed my driver's example and slept; at last, impatient, I descended, bidding my kutscher bustle onward, and wait for me a mile or two further on. I heard the heavy carriage lumber away; it disappeared round a corner of the road, and the stream were alone.

I walked briskly on, my hands in my pockets, whistling. At the turn of the road I saw something that immediately arrested my attention.

A rock larger than the rest, stood in the center of the stream. The water parted away from it in two lines of foam. Seated upon it, her face turned in profile toward me, was a young woman. Her head was bare and her hands were bare, and her naked feet were swinging in the water, carelessly flicking the foam from side to side.

It was a strange apparition to come upon suddenly in the wilds of the Harz Mountains. I approached diffidently, interested in spite of myself.

There is a sort of Freemasonry among some travelers, but no Freemasonry will explain the air of delicious familiarity with which this strange creature nodded at me when she discovered my presence.

"You can't think how nice it is," she said, looking me in the face, as if she had known me all her life.

Instantly her manner set me at my ease. "How did you get there?" I asked in the same tone.

"I took off my stockings on the bank and waded across," she answered.

I stood looking at her, a meagre strip of running water between us.

"Take off yours and come too," she cried; "there's room for two on this rock."

The utter ludicrousness of my position never struck me at the time; then, I felt irresistibly prompted to do as I was told; so I divested myself of shoes and socks, and in two minutes was sitting by her side.

The full midday sun fell on her face, but she did not seem to mind. I looked at her and wondered at her extremity.

In appearance she was very youthful. I should have guessed her between 20 and 22. Her face was pale, of a clear pallor; her lips were chiseled and of the richest carmine color. Her eyes were cat's eyes, fringed with dark lashes—eyes like nothing human—bewildering, absorbing, compelling. I caught myself wondering if they shone in the dark. Her hair peeled finely off her low, sensitive brow. It was arranged in a delicious disorder, of which one could not make out the beginning nor the end. Added to all this, her gown was of fine texture and delicate taste—the gown of a woman who was fond of good dressing.

And this woman was sitting bareheaded, barefooted, alone on a rock, in the midst of the Harz Mountains!

My companion appeared impatient at my silence.

"You are going to the Brocken?" she asked interrogatively.

"Yes; are you?"

She nodded.

Emboldened by her questions, I ventured on one also.

"Are you alone?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, quite tranquilly. "There is my carriage, and there"—as a man approached us from the road—"there is my courier."

There was an inflection—the very slightest—of hesitation as she spoke. The man, who came forward, was short, dark, ill-favored, more like an Italian boatman of a disreputable class than anything else. In his coarse ears hung silver earrings, and on his dark greasy hand was a silver ring.

He approached his mistress with a familiar air that appeared to me most offensive and spoke to her in Spanish. She answered in the same language, not imperatively, as I had expected, but in a tone that seemed to imply confidence, friendliness.

After shrugging his shoulders at her answer he lounged away and sat down somewhere in the shadow of the road.

"And do you mean to say you travel alone with the courier?" I said boldly.

"Where are you going and where have you come from?"

She raised her indolent arms over her head and stretched her little body as a leopard does in the sun. She opened her strange eyes to their fullest extent, and stared. Whatever she found in my face seemed to satisfy her, for a moment later she spoke:

"Yes. I travel alone with my courier, I have come from Spain, and I am going somewhere, I don't quite know where. What does it matter? I would like never

to know where I am going, nor what the country is, nor the day, nor the month, nor the year. I wish I had never learned these things. What is the use of classing to-morrows and yesterdays? Isn't it enough that every day is to-day?"

As she said this a look of fatigue came over her face, her lashes fell and covered and hid away her peculiar eyes, her bosom heaved feverishly, and her breath came and went hurriedly. Whatever she was, the woman had feelings, and very sensitive ones.

"But," I continued, emboldened by her words, "where are your parents? Who takes care of you?"

My strange friend laughed softly. "What does it matter where my parents are? My husband is in America."

"Your husband?" I ejaculated.

"Yes," she said serenely, as if I had said, "your bonnet." "I was married two years ago. My husband—well, my husband has gone to America; he left me long ago."

An hour went by. I listened and questioned, and all I heard filled me with the strangest suppositions. Then in turn she questioned and listened.

I learned some curious details of her life. Her name was Sylvia, her husband's name Whitworth. He was a merchant, but he failed and deserted her.

"I don't think I minded much," she said with her wonderful smile. "He was never true to me, and I am sure I never was true to him."

Shocking sentiments certainly, and a very impossible, unnatural story, no doubt; and had I been in my sane senses, as I now am, twelve years later, I should have laughed in my sleeve. As it was, I was not in my sane senses, and I fell in love with her.

She was traveling she didn't care where. For the night, at least, she was to stay at the same hotel as myself at the Brocken.

From me she gathered my slight history, my nationality, my appointment at Berlin, my family; my age.

"I suppose," she said frankly, "that some people might wonder at my going about so independently; but I don't care a button what people think. I suppose if I had any inclinations toward wickedness I should be a very wicked person; but you see I have no inclinations. I don't look at it from a moral point of view, because I don't believe in morality. I have no creeds, but I don't think it would amuse me the least to be wicked."

Presently we waded ashore. She dried her feet, or rather I dried them for her, in a dainty lace handkerchief. They were very lovely rosy feet. With delicious familiarity she let me draw on her stockings, and at the contact of her warm white flesh my fingers trembled. She saw they trembled, and, gently pushing me away, she finished herself, and then looked up at me with a smile, that meant something or nothing, I could not understand which. She invited me to enter her carriage with her, and I did so. As we got in the courier muttered something rather savagely, and my charming friend bent her head down and conversed with him eagerly in a tone which sounded conciliatory.

A little further on we met my carriage; we stopped, and with a pretty air of command Mrs. Whitworth signified her intention of changing carriages. We got in, and I arranged my rugs about her feet, my cushions at her back.

"She shut her eyes and went to sleep, whilst I sat watching her."

As I watched her a madness seemed to come over me. I have never in my life experienced anything like it before or since; it was like magnetism.

Perhaps it was due to the sultry, the utter stillness, the slow progress of the carriage through the most beautiful scenes; or, more likely still, the back-thrown head, the sensitive and fine profile, the parted crimson lips, the regular breathing, the undefined languor of pose, and the peculiar perfume that hung about my companion, that fired my ardent spirit. At last, I softly took possession of the hand nearest me. It was warm and pulsating; the very touch of it seemed to bring into life all the feelings that lay dormant in me. I bent forward cautiously; in another moment I should have kissed her parted crimson lips, when suddenly, swiftly, the strange eyes opened wide and full as if she had not been sleeping at all.

"Ah," she said softly, "what were you going to do?"

I, flushing scarlet, was muttering some excuses, when she interrupted me.

"Never mind I am not angry. I wish, I do wish, I could feel and look as you felt and looked just now. What can it be? I was told that to feel that is worth life and after life. Perhaps I should be happier if I could feel as other people do."

"Are you not happy?" I asked, glad to turn the subject.

"Happy!" she echoed. "I do not know what it means. I live, I eat, I sleep, I laugh, I feel well. I like the sunshine, I like handsome people, and I dislike to see homely ones. I hate suffering and I love enjoyment. I have more sympathies with bad than good, and I have no religion. Would you call me a happy person?"

I was going to answer, when, in quite a different mood, she inquired the use of a strong black box that lay on the seat opposite us. I replied that it was my despatch box, containing my papers, my passport, my valuables in the way of money and promissory notes I possessed at that moment.

But before I had nearly got through my list my friend's interest had faded, and she was leaning over the carriage looking at the stream—the Ilsefeld I heard her name it.

By this time we had arrived at the door of the apology for a hotel, which was then the only hostelry on the Brocken.

I offered to assist Mrs. Whitworth; but she turned shortly away with her courier, and I occupied myself in having my things stowed away in the room I had engaged over night.

It was a tiny apartment, with walls no thicker than paper. In fact, the whole place was like a rambling and ill-built hut. The interior of this cabin was hot and stuffy, so, after inquiring the hour for table d'hôte, I lit my cigar and strolled outside.

At some distance on the level hill top, where the hotel was placed, I could see my new friend and her courier walking up and down, engaged in an animated discussion. I turned off short, not wishing them to know I saw them.

Infatuated as I was with this stranger, I could not help feeling her position was a peculiar one. Perhaps the romance and the mystery only served to enhance the charm.

At table d'hôte I saw no signs of my friend; afterward I went out to look at the sunset. The place was crowded with tour-

ists—English, German, Swiss—all uninteresting to my eyes, so I avoided them.

I went round toward the bank, and some one pointed out to me the curiosities of the place—where the witches assemble on Walpurgisnacht, the Devil's Well, the Devil's Pulpit. Rough stones of volcanic strata, thrown up years before, strewed the bare and rugged mountain-top. In one place they were heaped about in great masses, among them was a hollow called Schneefels, where, in the winter, the snow is said to be thirty-five feet deep.

Among these barbaric rocks I found Sylvia Whitworth. I asked her how she had dined.

"I dined here," she said, as if her rocky seat had been her boudoir table. "There were so many people in the hotel, all ugly and old; and I can't eat when I face ugly sights. My—my courier brought me my dinner."

The sun was setting in pomp and splendor. From our high point of view we could see all the shimmer and color and all the varying tints of a glowing August sunset. I pointed it out to my friend; she did not turn her head.

"I don't care for views," she said gently; "I have seen so very many, and I am tired of them."

I looked in her face. Her eyes had caught some strange lustre from the beautiful cloudland of color about us; there was a vague disquiet in her manner, a fluttering in her voice. It seemed to me that she was under the mastery of some profound impression.

The warm night crept onward. We were alone, quite alone under a throbbing summer sky, with the clouds in the heavens around us.

Instinctively, when I spoke, I spoke in a whisper.

"How near we are to heaven," I murmured, "in this high place? How far better than heaven it is to be with you, like this!"

A soft, warm breeze passed over our faces, and blew some straggling curl of her loosened hair across my lips; her soft clinging draperies lay close beside me; her presence seemed to grow more and more compelling.

She smiled a slow languorous smile, a smile that intoxicated and led me on. She laid her hand upon my arm.

"Heaven," she said, in a low rapt whisper, "heaven is whatever we like to make for ourselves on earth; when we die we go out—so! and she pouted her two perfect lips and blew a sudden short breath. "When I think," she continued, "that life only is ours, I sometimes wish to do more with my days—crime or good, or wickedness or virtue; it would not matter to me, if I could but enjoy it, whatever it was."

"But," I whispered, awestruck, "crime is found out, and then comes punishment."

"There are some crimes," she said, "which leave no trace. What trace does a ship leave in the sea five minutes after she has passed over it?"

To this profound reasoning I replied nothing. Just then her surly courier approached; they talked excitedly for a few moments, and then she turned to me:

"This is pleasant? I hear there is no room for me—the last room was given to you—not a corner left anywhere; and I am to sleep à la belle étoile."

Of course this was impossible. Willingly I gave up my room, and the courier lounged away.

For a few moments we sat silent, when suddenly upon us there sank a darkness as swift and as obscuring as a curtain. It was one of the strange atmospheric changes of the Brocken. In a breathing space it seemed as if the bright night had turned to a rolling black mist. I groped for Sylvia's hand; I took it—she was not a bit, frightened—into my clasp warm and yielding. I drew her up from her low rocky seat, and, placing my hand upon her arm, I tried to remember my way back to the hotel. I could not see the yard in front of us; a thundering promise of great heat throbbed through the air. I could hear my companion's hurried breathing.

"I wonder if we are all going to be killed?" she said, quietly.

Just then she stumbled over a stone. I threw out my hands to save her, and she fell forward, literally into my arms.

For one moment of madness I held her close in a wild embrace, kissed her perfumed hair, and her eyes and her wet lips, rapturously. The next moment she was lying passive in my arms, and sobbing like a child; whilst I endeavored, with every excuse and with every prayer I could think of, to reassure her. We found our way at last to the door, and I led her, still shuddering up to my room, and imploring her to forgive me. I said good-night, and stayed outside while I heard her close the door and lock it. I then repaired to the drawing-room, where an imprudent couch had been prepared for me.

I never saw her again.

The next morning when all the tourists turned out to see the sunrise, I could discover her nowhere. I inquired of mine host, and learned that Mrs. Whitworth had departed before sunrise with her carriage and courier.

I went to my empty room, and discovered that Mrs. Whitworth had taken with her my despatch-box, containing all my valuables. I made no inquiries and told no one of my loss, for I had just enough money about me to take me back to Harzburg; and Sylvia, with all her faults, had infatuated me. I never met her again, never made any search for her, never sought to learn who and what she was. It was an episode which took a great hold on my imagination, and, though an expensive one, I never regretted it.

It is now twelve years ago, and I have often pondered over that day. I have come to a thousand different conclusions; but one idea became a fixed one—the courier, coarse, common Spaniard as he was, must have been the husband of the lovely inexplicable woman.

Marriages in New York.

The New York Court of Appeals lay down the following as the law governing marriages in that State: By the law of this State a man and a woman who are competent to marry each other, without going before a minister or magistrate, with no previous public notice given, with no form or ceremony, civil or religious, and with no record or written evidence of the act kept, and merely by words of present contract between them, may take upon themselves the relations of husband and wife, and be bound to themselves, to the State and to society as such; and if after that the marriage is denied, proof of actual cohabitation as husband

and wife, acknowledgment and recognition of each other to friends and acquaintances and the public as such, and the general reputation thereof, will enable the court to presume that there was in the beginning an actual and bona fide marriage.

NANTUCKET STORIES.

Queer Anecdotes and Characters Picked Up on the Sea.

From the Lippincott's.

About the year 1818 the Essex, Pollard, master, was cruising for Whales in the equatorial region of the Pacific ocean west of South America. One day the vessel encountered one or two large whales or a whale with her young one. A large animal staved in two of the boats. The other boats, a distance off, saw the men struggling in the water. Captain Pollard sailed his vessel to rescue them. The whale retreated to the distance of half a mile, and then came with great velocity for the vessel, striking her amidstships with his head and starting a leak instantly. The infuriated animal, acting evidently with "malice aforethought," retreated twice and repeated the blows. The third time it crushed in the whole side of the vessel, which sank instantly. The men went into two boats. These parted in midocean near the equator. One was never heard of again, the other with Captain Pollard on board headed for South America. They were eighty days in his open boat.

While in this forlorn condition, watching every day and hour for a sail, they were struck one day by a bill-fish, a variety of the sword-fish. The blow started a plank near the keel of the boat. They took off their jackets, stuffed them into the hole to stop the leak, and began to bail out the boat. They had an axe and managed to find two or three nails. With these they set to work to repair the place. But whenever they went to drive a nail the plank would spring; they could not drive it from the inside of the boat, and had noawl or gimlet with which to make a hole by which it might enter the planking. A man named Nixon said: "The only way this job can be fixed is to hold the axe on the outside, so as to clinch it." "Yes," said Captain Pollard, "that's all right. Nixon, if we only had somebody under the bottom of the boat to hold the axe."

I'm the man that's going to do that," said Nixon. He jumped overboard, took the axe, and held it under water against the bottom of the boat until they hammered in the nails. Then he was lifted on board almost unconscious. But he revived. Then they kept on their course as well as they could, but at length ran out of provisions. Finally, after enduring untold horrors, they were compelled to resort to the sailor's last expedient, and drew lots to see who should die and furnish food for his companions. Either one or two of the crew lost their lives in this way. It is said that the second lot fell upon a slender young man in delicate health, whose life the captain could not bring himself to take, but said; "Take me." They concluded to try the lot again, when it fell on the same person. Scarcely had the shot been fired which put an end to his life, when a vessel hove in sight, which rescued them. Captain Pollard could often be seen afterward by summer visitors to Nantucket—a broken-down, shattered old man.

From being one of the oldest captains that sailed from the island, he was such a wreck that if he saw two or three people gathered together in the street, or if anyone took out a newspaper in his presence, he hurried away instantly for fear of hearing something about a shipwreck! He died four or five years ago. There is now but one survivor of that boat's crew, and that is Nixon, the man that held the axe under the water.

Walter J.—, the only son of a widow of Nantucket, set sail when 12 years old with the captain of a whaler. One dark and rainy night when they were sailing on the China seas, it began to blow very hard and all hands were ordered aloft to shorten sail. In the darkness and rain the boy fell from the mast. Had he fallen upon the deck he would in all probability have been killed; but he struck the black stay—a rope drawn tight like the string of a violin—and rebounded into the water. Soon the cry came, "a man overboard!" The captain felt very sad when he learned it was Walter J.—. He put ship about and tacked back and forth, but nothing was seen of the boy. Before giving up the search, however, he called the men aft and asked them whether anything else could be done, "for I don't want you to go back to Nantucket and say that if something else had been done Walter J.— could have been saved. No man, however, offered a suggestion, and although the time had been long—perhaps half an hour—since the lad had fallen overboard, the captain made a few turns more and called on the men for a final decision whether anything more could be done. He finally concluded to hold on his course, when one of the men said that he heard a cry. They listened and soon heard a call: "Keep her away or you'll run over me." Half a dozen ropes were thrown out by as many different persons, when the boy said: "Make a bow line I'm too weak to hold on." A bow line is a rope with a large loop firmly tied in it. It was thrown out, the lad put it over one leg, held on by his hands, and was drawn on board. He had fallen into the water with a suit of clothes, tarpaulin overalls and shoes on. He was drawn out as naked as when he first appeared in the world, having managed, in spite of the great exertion of swimming, to divest himself of all his clothes in order that they might not impede his movements.

When asked how he had been able to endure so long, he answered that he was on the point of giving up from fatigue, and letting his feet dangle preparatory to sinking, when he thought of his mother and kept on. He is still living in Nantucket.

A Love Match After All.

From the Boston Transcript.

I have this moment received a private letter from an American lady in England, saying: Yesterday I was at the Baroness Burdett Bartlett-Counts', at a very delightful garden party, but it rained, of course, as it always does at an English garden party, and we adjourned to the conservatory for the entertainment. I must tell you that the sandwiches contained nothing but butter and spiced tomatoes, and were delicious. The baroness was clad in brown satin, with a profusion of white lace, and wore fewer jewels than some American women wear to breakfast. She looks every year her age, but her hair has not a thread of gray in it. I like her. As for her husband, he is, as the Boston girls say, 'too awfully nice for anything.' I do not wonder

that the baroness fell in love with him, and married him, and that she is very proud of him. She looks radiantly happy, and evidently doesn't care a whit for the queen's snubs, which everybody has been talking about; and with so devoted and charming a husband, who also looks serenely happy, why should she?

NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

The Flood of Gold Into this Country From Europe.

The flood of prosperity now spread over this land is unparalleled in the history of nations and with the exception of Wall street all industries seem healthy and more forward without inflation; Pittsburgh may be placed among the most substantial cities, and is increasing in population and wealth with marvellous rapidity.

The flood of gold into the country is commented upon by the New York Sun as follows:

Since August 1, 1879, about \$200,000,000 of foreign gold has been imported into the United States, and our own mines have produced fully \$65,000,000. The addition of the great amount of \$265,000,000 in gold to the national wealth is significant of our changed financial relations to the rest of the world, and the disposition made of it is equally significant of the changed financial relations of the eastern and of the western sections of this country.

Two years ago the banks of New York city held \$20,000,000 in gold, and there was in the United States treasury, say, \$150,000,000. According to the latest returns our banks now hold \$65,000,000, and the treasury \$170,000,000. This shows what has become of \$65,000,000 of the \$265,000,000; where is the remaining \$200,000,000?

The most plausible answer to the question is that the metal has been absorbed by the inhabitants of the great west and southwest, who have taken it in payment for their surplus wheat, corn, cotton, and other products. After years of patient toil and waiting, their farms and plantations have become profitable; they have paid off their debts to eastern capitalists, and they have replaced their stumpled and other trashy currency with gold, as well as with greenbacks and national bank notes.

For it must be remarked that while our New York banks have in two years added \$45,000,000 to their stock of gold, they have also parted with \$27,000,000 of legal tenders, much of which has been sent west. Furthermore the currency of the country has been swelled by the addition of \$46,000,000 of certificates representing silver dollars, of which the west has taken the greatest portion. This, however, has had little or no effect upon the westward course of the flood of gold, and it is still moving in the same direction.

It looks, now, as though the United States, in the same way that Asia used to be the sink of silver, will, for some time at least, be the sink of gold. It so happens that our principal products are those of food and raw materials, which Europe, owing to its adverse climate, is compelled to buy from us, and yet that our consumption of European manufactured goods is not large enough to pay for them. The difference, latterly, has been liquidated in gold to the enormous amount they have mentioned; and though this amount must necessarily diminish, it cannot altogether cease until we have taken all the gold Europe can furnish, or until, by the transfer of her population to this side of the ocean, which is now going on at the rate of 900,000 a year, an equilibrium is established between our exports and our imports.

The Heart-Shaped Bodice

The heart-shaped or V bodice which is so much in vogue has brought into favor a peculiar shaped collar of silk mull and lace, very deep and long, reaching to the belt in front, where it is tied in a large bow with hanging ends edged with frills of lace. It is cut yachting shape in the back, with handsome lace medallions in each corner. Another new and dainty accessory of the toilet is the French gilet or vest intended for use with high plain corsets. It forms a becoming addition to the simplest or most elegant toilet. It is made of shirred silk tulle white and tinted, and edged with wide frills of Aurillac lace. It has a Stuart collar fashioned to the neck, also adorned with lace. A pretty vest in this style is also made of Quaker grey surah trimmed with steel lace and closed down the front with straps of the material fastened by tiny steel buckles.

It looks, now, as though the United States, in the same way that Asia used to be the sink of silver, will, for some time at least, be the sink of gold. It so happens that our principal products are those of food and raw materials, which Europe, owing to its adverse climate, is compelled to buy from us, and yet that our consumption of European manufactured goods is not large enough to pay for them. The difference, latterly, has been liquidated in gold to the enormous amount they have mentioned; and though this amount must necessarily diminish, it cannot altogether cease until we have taken all the gold Europe can furnish, or until, by the transfer of her population to this side of the ocean, which is now going on at the rate of 600,000 a year, an equilibrium is established between our exports and our imports.

When we were young, said Sir John Lubbock recently, we knew that the leopard had spots, the tiger was striped; and the lion tawny; but why this was so it did not occur to us to ask; and if we had asked, no one would have answered. Now we see at a glance that the stripes of the tiger have reference to its life among jungle grasses; the lion is sandy, like the desert; while the markings of the leopard resemble spots of sunshine glancing through the leaves.

Orange culture is rapidly increasing in Florida, and the prospect is that before many years elapse that state will have a monopoly of the orange trade of the United States. Within a very recent date eight of the wealthiest citizens of Atlanta, Ga., have made heavy investments in Florida, principally in Orange county, where the fruit is said to attain the highest point of lusciousness. One Atlanta capitalist some time ago put \$20,000 into an orange grove in that county, and now refuses \$50,000 for his purchase.

William L. Scott, of Erie, Pa., was a page in congress in 1846. He is now worth about \$4,000,000.

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

From the Country Gentleman.

Never was a young wife happier or more disposed to be pleased with her new home than the little woman whom Philip Birney, one bright, sunny morning, introduced as mistress of the plain, brown house that stood at the entrance of the village of Redfield.

"It is capable of being made a lovely little place," she observed to her husband, after a quick survey of the yard, fence and exterior generally. "A honey-suckle trained over that window, and a coat of paint on the portico would help it wonderfully. O! Phil, I shall take such pleasure in making our home attractive and pretty! I have an old white dimity dress that belonged to mother—made before they gored the skirts, you know—and I mean to make curtains out of it for the upstairs chambers!"

"Don't be tearing up your clothes, Kate, to thrash the house. I'm afraid there wouldn't be much economy in that," was Philip's laughing reply as he led the way into the house.

Kate flitted from one room to another, chatting gaily of her plans as she found something desirable and convenient in each apartment—a cosy corner here to sew in, a well-placed shelf there, that cupboard for her dishes and this one for the table linen to all of which her husband listened with a pleased smile.

"Yes, I shall so much enjoy keeping it tidy and orderly," she said again and again, as the four of the rooms was finished. And the next day the pretty bride began house-keeping in earnest. The furniture was cheap and plain, but it was marvelous how cheery the rooms looked after Kate, with a few graceful touches, had disposed of numerous small ornamental articles taken from her trunk, which her nimble fingers had fashioned before leaving the home roof. It was wonderful, too, how much that trunk contained. Almost every day Philip was called on to admire some new thing brought up from its depths to add brightness and beauty to the little house, until it became quite a matter of course to inquire, whenever a new tin pan or other kitchen utensil was added to their stock, if it, too, came from the trunk.

As time sped by, our young house-keeper found full occupation for hands and heart, and though her increasing household duties, and the charge of the little one that was born to them, left their traces on her pale face and bowed shoulders, she lost none of the enthusiasm and genuine delight in keeping the house neat and pretty, which had characterized the beginning of her wifely career. The lawn was dotted with shrubbery, planted and cared for by her own hands. The well-kept strawberry patch, the thrifty grape-vines and choice young fruits were also the result of her industry, unaided save by the occasional help of the little ones who were far oftener a hindrance than an assistance. And all this had been accomplished at a disadvantage, for Mr. Birney was a man who cared very little for these things, or at least did not value them at their real worth. He relished the fine cherries and berries that added so much to their bill of fare during the season of fruits, quite as much as any one, but he had only a vague idea of the labor and care they cost his wife. He enjoyed coming home in the evening to his clean, orderly domicile, where he knew always that a palatable meal awaited him; he realized dimly that the dooryard, with its borders of sweet-alyssum and bright phlox, was one of the prettiest sights in the village, but he accepted it all as a matter of course.

His wife was a model woman in his eyes, and when he sometimes noticed, as the truth does force itself on every mind, that she looked care-worn and too old for her years, it never occurred to him that a little thoughtfulness on his part would save her many weary steps. He had not learned that lesson so many husbands need to learn, that by exercising a little care a wife's labors may be materially lightened.

Philip Birney would have resented the imputation fiercely had any one said he was cruel to poor Kate, and yet the habit of carrying in a rim of mud on his boots, to be ground into the sitting-room carpet, for his weak-backed wife to sweep out again, deserves no milder term.

A hat-rack was a part of the hall furniture, but so far as Mr. Birney was concerned it might as well have been in Jamaica. A coat thrown over the back of a chair, or a hat tossed on the floor was the invariable rule with the head of the house, and the fact that the orderly Kate would immediately leave her work to put them in their proper places did not cause Mr. Birney to mend his ways.

"O, Philip, how could you?" she said one day on returning from a visit, and finding her husband had been making his toilet in the parlor, leaving as a delicate souvenir of his presence his soiled linen and a pair of socks in the middle of the floor. "Did this room look this way when Mrs. Jamison was here? The children told me she called this afternoon while I was gone."

"O, I give you my word for it, Mrs. Jamison never saw those clothes. She only staid a few minutes, and she looked out of the window all the time," said Mr. Birney, half-reluctantly, when he saw how distressed his wife was at his carelessness.

"Of course she saw them; let a woman alone for that," sobbed the poor wife, utterly broken down with the thought that a stranger had witnessed the disorder. "and what a dreadful opinion she will have of me!"

"But it wasn't your doing, Kate. Of course she would understand that," eagerly put in Mr. Birney, anxious to say something consoling.

"No, no; that wouldn't make any difference; a woman always gets the blame if her house is disorderly," answered Mrs. Birney, mournfully shaking her head. "And it isn't pleasant when one has worked hard to have things neat and clean, to have strangers get the impression that one is a sloven."

"You are nervous, to-day," said Mr. Birney, all at once comprehending that his wife did not look well. "Does your head ache?"

"O! I ache all over; I'm clear tired out," she replied, wearily, putting her hands to her throbbing temples.

"You must go to bed right away, and I will go for Dr. Carson," said the now alarmed husband, almost carrying her in his arms as he laid her on her own bed.

In the long dreary weeks that followed while the sick woman lay prostrate, the husband had ample time to discover that his own want of thought and blindness to her failing strength had largely contributed

to her illness. The hats and coats were allowed to lie undisturbed now where he happened to throw them; the dust was left unmolested on the furniture, and had it not been that Mr. Birney's thoughts were so much occupied with his wife's recovery, the dirt and disorder prevailing in the once tidy household would have been intolerable. A rattling, noisy Irish girl, wholly untrained in domestic duties, had been employed to do the work for the family during Mrs. Birney's illness, and with her crude ideas of cleanliness and indifference to her employer's interests the whole home atmosphere seemed changed, the children knowing no motherly restraint, ran wild, with unkempt hair and dirty frocks, from morning till night, presenting so different an appearance that the poor invalid herself scarcely recognized them when they were permitted occasionally to visit the sick chamber—the whole sadly transformed household being a forcible answer to the question in the old song, "What is home without a mother?"

"La, sakes! Where on earth did so many flies come from?" one day queried Mrs. Clayton, a kind old lady living in the neighborhood, who often came to relieve Mr. Birney by sitting a few hours with his wife, while he attended to his outside duties.

"I've been keesful to keep the blinds down and the room cool and comfortable every time I've been here, and now here is the poor creetur just about eaten up with flies that are a buzzin' in and out like a swarm o' bees!" pursued the old lady, as she went beating about the room with a fly brush, in the endeavor to get the troublesome creatures out. Going to the window and looking out, she started back exclaiming, "Well, if that don't beat all! Somebody has gone and set an empty sugar bar'l right under this very window, as sure as my name's Samantha Clayton, just to draw all the flies in this end of town and pester this sick woman's life out of her. Who could 'a done such a silly trick?"

Mr. Birney rushed from the room, and seizing the barrel, from which issued a cloud of flies at his approach, kicked it vigorously down to the bottom of the lot, soliloquizing as he went, "What a confounded fool I am, to set this barrel in that place! I declare, I ought to be flayed alive; just as if poor Kate hadn't had enough suffering and misery already!" Then, as the remembrance of the numberless daily inconsiderate acts of which he had been guilty, and of which his patient wife had been the unhappy victim, rose up before him, the unhappy man groaned aloud, "If Kate ever gets well she shan't wash any more dirty spoons for me. It's an awful mean job for a man to impose upon any woman, and I might have saved her lots of scrubbing of oil cloths and washing of fenders if I had been particular never to spit on 'em. I've sometimes thought may be she was a trifle too nice, but I see now how unhappy and miserable I'd be if I was compelled to live with a slatternly woman who hadn't pride enough to keep things tidy. Home wouldn't be home to me if Kate had been a dirty, careless woman like Norah. And yet, all these years I've been making labor for her by my confounded carelessness. I suppose it is a mortification, just as she says, to have strangers look on her as a careless and slovenly housekeeper, when she tries very hard to have things nice. Many's the time she's lugged in heavy buckets of water when her back was aching terribly, while I have been sitting by, reading. She never could bear to see the yard littered up, and I shouldn't wonder if her sickness wasn't partly brought on by carrying away those heavy planks that I'd been promising her for two months to take to the barn. I always intended to do it, but somehow I've forgotten, though I'd rather have got up out of bed at midnight and done it than let her strain her poor weak back by carrying 'em herself. That's the way it was in fixing up the ash hopper when she wanted to make soap. She asked me at least a dozen times to do it for her, but somehow I never got at it and so at last she got discouraged and did it herself. When a man's got an ambitious, energetic wife who takes pride in her home and surroundings, he can't do her a greater harm than to throw cold water on her efforts and be a millstone in the way."

The approach of an old farmer friend living a short distance down the road, who stopped his horse at this moment to inquire after Mrs. Birney, put an end to the husband's bitter reflections.

"You have a nice place here," observed Farmer Doyle, as he glanced at the vines and rows of bushes in the yard at the rear of the house. "Your wife took a sight of comfort in cultivating this little patch of ground before she got sick. I used to expect to see her nearly every time I passed in the morning just as regularly as I expected to see the house itself standing there. Sometimes she was digging around the vines and shrubs and sometimes carrying basketfuls of earth, or may be she would be working with her bees up there in the hives under the trees, or making new beds for her flowers, or trimming off the grass with her sickle. I used often to tell her it was too hard work for her to be bending over that way to cut the grass, but she never seemed to mind it particularly; I suppose it was just her energy and determination to have things complete that kept her up. Yes, you've got a nice place Birney. It don't look much as it did when you moved here. I remember I used to think it would take a good deal of money to fix it up and make it saleable, but here your wife's just gone ahead and, without any expense, has made it blossom as a rose, and to-day it would bring double as much as you paid for it. I tell you, neighbor Birney, just these little improvements that cost only labor and care, are the best investment a man can make, and the kind that add the value of property more than costly buildings. I'd rather have your little home with its cheerful porch, covered with that Queen of the Prairie, and your shady front yard and choice small fruits, than Mr. Buckland's big, bald-looking house over there with its mansard roof and colored glass, and not a vine or flower to be seen, and weeds as high as a man's waist. If they had your improvements, it would be the most desirable place in this part of the country, but they've lived there seven years, and so far as I can see, they haven't much else but mustard stocks and burdock to show for it."

Every word that the farmer spoke in eulogy of his property was a stab to the conscience-smitten Birney, for he realized, what he had never done before, that to his stricken, suffering wife he was indebted for it all, and as he watched the retreating

figure of Farmer Doyle as he rode away, he made a new resolution that if poor Kate was spared to him he would endeavor in future not to add to, but to save her every step he could. Let us hope that he kept his resolution.

The Fun of Being a Tenor.

This amusing letter from the wife of a celebrated tenor is going the rounds of the musical papers:

My Dear Jenny—It is as you say, we have 150,000 francs a year; the praises of my husband are sounded every day in the newspapers; he is applauded every night he sings, and is a very king in his art. But you don't know what it is to be the wife of a tenor. Those who flatter my husband, and they are numerous, are incessantly telling him, "Monsieur Michael, you have a mine of diamonds in your throat." They may be true, I don't say it is not; but if you could understand the consequences it entails—a mine of diamonds in a man's throat! Michael is always as cross as a bear because of the state of the temperature. A barometer is less variable. He is continually opening and shutting the windows. When they are open he wants them shut, and when they are shut he says he stifles. You have no idea of the trouble we have at hotels, to prevent his taking cold. Even the style of carpet becomes a study. And the cart-load of furs we carry about with us! And the difficulty we have with the fires! There is also a long chapter as to what he may and may not eat; this is too strong and that is too weak. And the night he sings there is a syrup which he must drink five times during an act, and a wash of brandy and camphor with which he must rub his throat. From morning till night a tenor thinks of nothing but himself; he listens to himself sing; he studies, poses before a looking-glass; he calls after the servants: "Jean, muffle the door-bell, it's noise affects my nerves. Brigitte, don't pass before me again; you make a draught." He interrogates his throat every ten minutes, la, la, la. Never a sensible word, always la, la, la. If I ask him to take me out on a fine day, he runs to the piano and exercises his la, la, la. And so I remain your friend sorrow.

MARGUERITE

What an Old Friend Says of Lincoln.

Mr. Weldon, of Bloomington, Ill., who in early life was associated with President Lincoln, when asked recently whether in those earlier years, when he practised law with him, he thought Lincoln to be the great character he afterward became, replied, "No, to be frank about it, I did not. Lincoln was not a student. He would read the newspapers, but he had very little book learning. He was not a man of application, even in the law. He would practice the law to support his family, and he kept in the line of what people were talking about; but for learning he seemed to have no great curiosity nor passion. He affected me as a very interesting man on account of his humor, geniality and his pretty general effectiveness before the juries of our state. In point of fact, the greatest of Lincoln's qualities was his oratory, by which I mean not only the beauty and clearness with which he expressed himself, but the remarkable style in which he composed his speeches. He belonged to the type of the orators, and it is as an orator that the public must remember him, even though unconsciously. A certain turn he gave to his enunciations touched both the intellect and heart. There he was a master. As a story-teller he was decidedly the best I ever knew, and that was a great faculty through Illinois.

Superintendent of Schools Whitford appointed L. D. Harvey of Sheboygan, A. C. Dodge of Monroe, and C. D. Tillinghast of Bloomer, Chippewa county, a board of visitors to Rival Falls normal schools.

The People of DAKOTA

And of the whole Northwest, who contemplate visiting Chicago and the East, and who desire to travel over the BEST ROUTE, should purchase tickets over the

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This route, through Elroy and Madison, Wisconsin, forms the only through line from

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DAN EISENBERG,	Dry Goods and Notions, No. 45 Main street.
W. B. WATSON,	Dry Goods and Notions, No. 80 Main street.
GROCERIES.	
W. H. THURSTON & CO.,	Wholesale Grocers, No. 78 Main street.
J. W. RAYMOND & CO.,	Wholesale Grocers, No. 47 Main street.
AUSTIN LOGAN,	Groceries and Bakery, No. 20 North Third street.
JOHN YEGEN,	Groceries and Bakery, No. 9 Main street.
M. P. SLATTERY,	General Groceries, No. 24 North Third street.
JOSEPH THEBAULT,	Family Groceries, No. 17 North Fifth street.
CLOTHING.	
SIG HANAUER,	Clothing and Gents' Furnishings, No. 46 Main street.
M. EPPINGER,	Clothing and Furnishings, No. 72 Main street.
JOHN LUDEWIG,	Clothing and Furnishings, No. 82 Main street.
JEWELERS.	
E. L. STRAUSS & BRO.,	No. 38 Main street.
H. H. DAY,	No. 32 Main street.
LUMBER.	
C. S. WEAVER & CO.,	Wholesale Lumber Dealers, No. 14 South Third street.
N. DUNKLEBERG,	Lumber Dealer, Cor. Front and Third streets.
JOHN P. HOAGLAND,	Wholesale Lumber, Cor. Sixth and Main streets.
HARDWARE.	
D. I. BAILEY & CO.,	General Hardware, No. 84 Main street.
GEORGE PEOPLES,	General Hardware, No. 48 Main street.
O. H. BEAL,	Hardware and Gunsmith, No. 36 Main street.
DRUGGISTS.	
W. M. A. HOLLEMBACK,	Drugs and Medicines, No. 92 Main street.
J. P. DUNN & CO.,	Drugs and Medicines, No. 92 Main street.
PETERSON, VEEDER & CO.,	Drugs and Medicines, No. 32 Main street.
CROCKERY.	
JOHN WHELEN,	Crockery and Glassware, No. 44 Main street.
MARKETS.	
JUSTUS BRAGG,	Montana Market, No. 26 Main street.
T. W. GRIFFIN,	General Market, No. 72 Main street.
REAL ESTATE.	
JAS. A. EMMONS,	Real Estate Agent, No. 68 Main street.
W. M. S. BENNETT,	Real Estate Agent, No. 94 Main street.
FLANNERY & WETHERBY,	Real Estate Agents, No. 47 Main street.
HOTELS.	
SHERIDAN HOUSE,	E. H. Bly, Proprietor, Main street, between Fourth and Fifth.
MERCHANTS HOTEL,	Marsh & Wakeman, Proprietors, No. 50 Main street.
WESTERN HOUSE,	J. G. Malloy, Proprietor, No. 96 Main street.
CUSTER HOTEL,	Thos. McGowan, Proprietor, No. 13 North Fifth street.
PACIFIC HOTEL,	Louis Peterson, Proprietor, No. 31 North Fourth street.
METROPOLITAN HOTEL,	Leo & Atchison, Proprietors, No. 14 Second street.
RIVER HOTEL,	Wm. Rades, Proprietor, Steamboat Landing.
CONFECTIONERY.	
HARRY BARRETT,	36½ Main street.
W. H. STIMPSON,	No. 64 Main street.
WALTER STERLAND,	68½ Main street.
AMUSEMENTS.	
BISMARCK OPERA HOUSE,	Sam. Whitney, Proprietor, No. 60 Main street.
DELPHIA VARIETIES,	R. J. Truax, Proprietor, No. 16 North Fourth street.
ARCADE GARDEN,	Don Howe & Co., Proprietors, No. 102 Main street.
STEAMBOAT LINES.	
COULSON LINE,	D. W. Maratta, Superintendent, No. 12 South Fourth street.
NORTHWEST TRANSPORTATION CO.,	J. C. O'Connor, Agent, No. 9 North Fourth street.
BENTON "P" LINE,	L. P. Baker, Agent, No. 71 Main street.
YELLOWSTONE LINE,	Joseph Leighton, Manager, St. Paul.

BANKS.	
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,	No. 58 Main street.
BANK OF BISMARCK,	No. 47 Main street.
FURNITURE.	
J. C. CADY,	No. 19 North Third street.
LAMBERT & LAVINE,	No. 41 Main street.
TAILORS.	
T. J. TULLY,	No. 28 Main street.
GOULD & DAHL,	No. 30½ Main street.
SAMPLE ROOMS.	
A. SA FISHER,	Wholesale Liquors, No. 94 Main street.
LOUIS WESTHAUSER,	No. 22 Main street.
W. M. BERKLEMAN & CO.,	No. 28½ Main street.
QUINLAN & HALLORAN,	No. 56 Main street.
C. R. WILLIAMS,	No. 52 Main street.
MISCELLANEOUS.	
BAKER & GOODING,	City Bottling Works, Front street, between Fourth and Fifth.
J. H. MARSHALL,	Boots and Shoes, No. 46 Main street.
A. W. DRIGGS,	Painter, No. 6 West Main street.
GEO. C. GIBBS & CO.,	Blacksmithing, Corner Third and Thayer streets.
RACEK BROS.,	Harness Makers, 46½ Main street.
F. J. CALL,	Insurance Agent, No. 14 South Third street.
GEO. LOUNSBERRY,	News Stand, Postoffice.
CONN MALLOY,	Livery Stable, No. 17 North Fourth street.
MANDAN BUSINESS DIRECTORY.	
CARPENTER & CARY,	Law and Real Estate.
WALTER DRAPER,	Hardware.
FRANK FARNSWORTH,	Dry Goods.
WARD & BAEHR,	Dry Goods.
MEAD & CARR,	Real Estate Agents.
F. M. FRENCH,	Lumber Dealer.
HAGER BROS.,	Lumber Dealers.
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M. LANG,	Groceries.
L. GILL,	Wines and Liquors.
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CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crockery, French China, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third street, St. Paul.	
PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No. 31 Robert street, St. Paul.	
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MERCHANTS HOTEL—Corner of Third street and First avenue North. \$2 per day, located in the very center of business, two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge. Street cars to all depots and all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.	
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OSTLAND'S Livery & Feed Stable, Cor. Fifth and Main Sts.	
Buggies and Saddle-Horses for hire by the day at hour at reasonable rates. My Buggies and Harness are new, and of the best manufacture and style, and our stock good. Parties wishing teams for any given point can be accommodated at fair rates. My stable is large and airy, and accommodations for boarding stock the best in the country.	
CLOTHING.	
MATHES, GOOD & SCHURMEIER, THE LARGEST TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT In the Northwest. Importers and Jobbers of Fine Woolens & Trimmings, 82 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn.	

The Bismarck Tribune.

Bismarck and Mandan Stage and Express Line.
Leave Bismarck at 8 a. m. and 3 p. m.
Leave Mandan at 9:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.
Leave all orders for calls and packages at post office, Bismarck and Sig. Hanauer's Clothing House, Mandan.
JOE DEITRICH,
September 28.
Proprietor.

Steam Ferry Boat Undine.
Leave Bismarck for Mandan at 8:30 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.
Leave Mandan for Bismarck at 10 a. m. and 5 p. m.
Leave Bismarck for Fort A. Lincoln at 12 m.
Leave Fort A. Lincoln at 2 p. m.
R. L. ABRAMS, Master.
Regular trips on Sunday.

LOCAL LEAVINGS.

Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours at P. V. & Co.'s new drug store.
New people at the opera house next week.

The next term of court Burleigh county convenes Tuesday, November 8.

Chas. Kupitz had upwards of a dozen wild geese hanging in front of his grocery yesterday.

Two car loads of soldiers arrived on last evening's train. They go to Keogh, Custer and Ellis.

Yesterday T. M. Griffin purchased of a hunter two fine deer, and a black tail and the other a cotton tail.

The troops arriving last night will be taken to the end of the track and will march from there to Keogh.

The county commissioners finished their business yesterday, and adjourned until Monday, November 7.

Mr. White, the tree man, took yesterday morning's train for Steele, where he will spend a few days shooting geese and ducks.

Now is the time to buy real estate in Bismarck. It will advance 100 per cent. in price between now and the first day of April.

The first caisson at the bridge has been sunk to a depth of fifty-two feet and has but eight feet deeper to go. The second caisson is ready to launch.

W. D. Smith's new hearse is on the road and expected daily. It is one of the finest in the country, but is an institution that is seldom needed in the city.

Yesterday afternoon about forty mules were loaded on the cars, destined to Glendive. They are the property of Hugh McGarvey, and will be used on the grade west.

Ticket Agent J. E. Johnson and Yardmaster Gilboy visited the caisson yesterday, and experienced the sensation of thirty pounds pressure to the square inch.

The room mate of the young lumberman mentioned in yesterday's TRIBUNE wishes his pard to understand that he did not give him away. It was some other fellow.

A number of important cases will come before the next term of court. One of them is the case of Hannafin vs. Mason, an action to establish title to certain real estate.

Justus Bragg has over 200 head of Montana steers grazing on the bottom lands near this city, beside about sixty head in the vicinity of his slaughter house.

The prisoners of the county jail are being utilized in the work of improving the grounds. They work a few hours every day and prefer it to solitary confinement.

Bismarck is enjoying finer weather than any other town from which the TRIBUNE receives newspaper reports. They are all complaining of rain, mud and cold weather.

Several thousand sheep, owned by Mr. Hatch and others, of Montana, are now at Glendive, awaiting shipment to Chicago. As soon as the cattle shipments are over, the sheep will be sent through rapidly.

Major E. B. Kirk was yesterday presented with a quarter of buffalo by Capt. Josiah Chance. The captain succeeded in dropping several of these monsters while on board the Nellie Peck on her last trip down.

A contract has been executed between the North Pacific Railroad company and the Pullman Palace Car company whereby the latter is to equip all the lines of the North Pacific railroad with Pullman cars, and to operate them on joint account with the railroad company for fifteen years.

As many times as the name of the late suiciding party has appeared in the TRIBUNE it has never yet been correctly spelled, although not the fault of the writer. The correct name is Frankie Muraux. This correction is made for the reason her people would never suppose it their child as the name has heretofore appeared.

W. D. Smith, the furniture dealer in the TRIBUNE block, returned last evening from eastern cities, where he purchased

mammoth stock of furniture comprising everything necessary to furnish a well regulated house or hotel, beside many novelties in pictures, mottoes, brackets, whatnots, curtains, lambrequins, fixtures etc... The goods are now on the road.

PURELY PERSONAL.

P. Ver Plank, of St. Paul, is at the Sheridan.

Capt. Marratta left for St. Paul yesterday morning.

H. S. Taylor, of Battle Creek, Mich., is at the Merchants.

J. I. Steen, of the Clarke Farm, visited the metropolis yesterday.

C. E. Haley, of Duluth, Minn., is registered at the Merchants.

Sheriff McKenzie is expected to return from his up river trip today.

Phillip F. King, of Chilton, Wis., arrived from the east last evening.

Mrs. P. B. Winston, of Glendive, registered at the Sheridan House last evening.

Henry Sagnier, the popular merchant at O'Fallons Creek, M. T., arrived in the city last evening.

Col C. C. Gilbert, commanding officer at Fort Yates, with member of his family are at the Sheridan.

Messrs. Bly & Roberts went to Brainerd yesterday to consult with Chief Engineer Anderson about their tie contract.

Hon. W. J. Ives, a member of the Minnesota legislature, who has large interests in this section and a host of friends in the city.

Mr. A. G. Ansell, editor of the Glencoe, Minnesota Enterprise, arrived in the city last evening from a trip to Glendive and the end of the track. Mr. Ansell is a thorough gentleman, and publishes one of the few independent, bright and newswy Minnesota weeklies. He would be gladly welcomed as a member of the territorial press.

List of Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Bismarck, D. T., Oct 1, 1891, and if not called for in 30 days will be sent to the Dead Letter office, Washington, D. C.

Anderson, B. Maria	Langdon, Edward
Anderson, Carlos	Lywch, James
Anderson, C. A	Little, John
Anderson, Henry	Linstrauer, Lotta
Allison, Samuel	Leuchelt, Nelson
Armstrong, Wm A	Lorimer, Capt S M
Andrews, Wm H	Little, W O
Bettes, Austin	McLane, Alf
Blair, A G	Miller, Call
Butler, C A	McKenzie, Donald
Bell, Frank	Martin, Frank
Brennan, John	Moore, Geo
Brooks, James	Murphy, John P 2
Bouman, John	Martin, John
Brien, Mrs Mary	Magoffin, James
Bille, Matilda	McIntyre, James
Burns, Mary L	Emsper, Miss Maud
Brouse, C M 3	McDonald, Pat
Clark, Chas C	(McDermott, Peter)
Chamberlin, Ella	Mulligan, Wm
Casper, Mrs Florence	Naper, James 2
Cobb, James W	Noonan, Michael
Caulen, John	O'Keefe, John 2
Caughlin, John	O'Hara, John S
Cook, W H	O'Brien, for Joseph
Corbett, Wm	Larch
Connelly, F E	O'Connell, Michael
Dobler, Jacob	Fallon, Geo A 2
Dunn, W	Parsons, James
Endry, EeWill 2	Pennington, J H
Eldridge, Geo H	Pearce, Miss M F
Eades, R W	Phelps, Thomas S 3
Espie, Robert	Russell, Joseph W
Foerstel, Geo	Robinson, John
Farnum, John D 3	Roberts, John H
Fleinniker, J D	Robinson, Wm
Gillis, Alexander 2	Schmidt, C A
Grant, John	Shoehn, Frank
Grady, M O	Smith, Jessie
Holdbrook, B F	Sweeney, James W 2
Hutchins, Edward E	Singer, Johanna
Holland, Erasmus	Stack, Lizzie
Herdly, Fred	Sauers, Paul
Hughes, Goe L 4	Sutton, R R
Hutton, G W	Trowbridge, Nellie 2
Haggerty, Mary	Tweedt O J
Hoffman, Oliver 2	VanHorn, Louis A
James, Charlie B	Worden, A M
Johnson, Nana	Welkins, Clarence E
Kelly John P	Wekland, H 2
Kellogg, O H	Woodson, Geo 2
Kirkwood, Wm	Wagner, Isaac 2
Little, Arthur	Wells, J H
Lacroix, Adolph	Williams, Miss Katie
Lampson, Miss A L 2	Wilson, Manlon
Lockwood, Chas	Wetty, T J
Lang, Chas	Yegen, Peter

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised," C. A. LOUNSBERRY, Postmaster.

Men of a few Words.

[National Republican.]

From the habit into which the surgeons fell of using technical terms in their official bulletins we feared they might obscure their report of the autopsy by the use of words not familiar to the unprofessional eye. We were pleased to find that our apprehensions had been unfounded when upon glancing at the report our eye rested upon such plain and simple words as "no ecchymosis" "purpura-like spots over left scapula," which were "furfureaceous on the surface," "spineous process of the tenth dorsal vertebra," "acne pustules," "subcutaneous adipose tissue," the greater omentum," "the posterior abdominal parietes," "the transverse colon," "pyogenic membrane," "biliary matter," "infarctions," "serous cysts," "intervertebral cartilage," "ditto foramen," "cancellated tissue much comminuted," "thecoelic axis," "the lung tissue was endematous, but contained no abscesses or infarctions," in left lung was "a group of four minute areas of gray hepatization," "suppuration sufficiently explains septic conditions," &c., &c. This simple phraseology makes the report interesting to the general reader, despite the occasional and unavoidable use of words not so generally understood, as, for instance, "cheesy pus," "as large as a man's fist," "blood-clot," &c., &c. The public demand for information has been fully met by the surgeons, and now they ought to take and give a rest.

STEELE TOWNSITE BOOM

KIDDER COUNTY LANDS

FREE

The Great Wheat Belt of Dakota.

Special Inducements to Farmers.

Thousands of Acres open for Settlement under the Pre-emption, Tree Culture and Homestead Laws

Numerous Lakes and Excellent Water throughout the County.

The superior soil proven by the results on the

Famous Steele Farm!

which has averaged for the past three years over

30 bushels per acre.

Best Bargains on the Line of the North Pacific Railroad

Good Lands Within Four Miles of the New Town of Steele, the County Seat of Kidder County

Town Lots as Cheap as Dirt. Over Three Hundred Already Sold.

Special Offer for the Next 60 Days

Every farmer who locates near the town of Steele during the next sixty days will be given a residence lot in the town free. Every farmer should have a city residence, and the proprietors of the townsites propose that they shall have one. Parties wishing to enter lands this fall can have buildings erected in town on their own lots, where they can live until spring. Farmers will readily understand the advantage of locating near the county seat, and especially on land which the North Pacific railroad considers the best in Dakota. Kidder is a new county, organized in 1880, and therefore is as yet little settled. None but the better class of people are wanted, and there is room for thousands of such families. All information regarding the town and county will be given free. The new court house is finished, and the depot, elevator and several store buildings and residences are now in course of construction. Being about half-way between Jamestown and Bismarck the town is bound to grow in importance very rapidly. For all information address either

W. F. STEELE M. H. JEWELL
Steele, D. T. Bismarck, D. T.